

YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
HYMN AND TUNE
BOOK.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
L. P. ROWLAND.

The key-note for the Hymns is indicated by the Capital letter at the left of the name of each tune. See page 187. Key of G. Tune, Variation.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILADELPHIA Y. M. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
1210 CHESTNUT STREET.

Price 20 Cents.

L. S. Foster.
+ + + +



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YOUNG MEN'S

Christian Association

HYMN & TUNE-BOOK.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

L. P. ROWLAND.

*“ Do something! do it now! with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive were no longer blest.”*

PUBLISHED BY THE

Philadelphia Y. M. Christian Association,
1408 CHESTNUT STREET.

INTRODUCTION.

BRETHREN: — To have *good* music in a religious meeting, *all* should have a book. The hymns should be sung to familiar tunes, and several fresh pieces should be at command.

This book contains many of the old standard familiar hymns, and the best hymns of the day. The price of the book makes it possible to have *enough* books. It is well adapted to the cottage, open air, Y. M. C. Associations, and also to church prayer-meetings. It is very desirable to have a uniform book for the Associations, aiding, as it will, our International, State, County and other Conventions.

This book is published for and dedicated to the Christian workers in the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces.

AUTHOR.

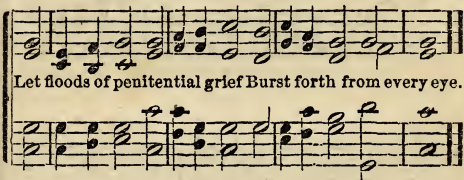
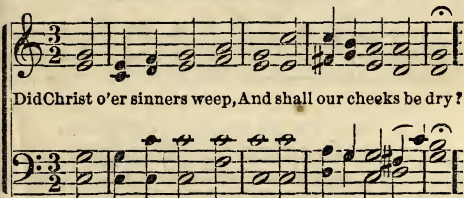
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*Giles & Gould, Music Printers, 89 Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.*

Y. M. C. A. HYMN BOOK.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

MASON.

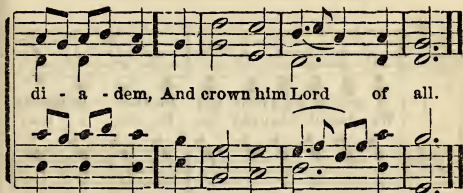


- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

1. 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels

prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al



2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.



ANON.

1 Come, let us join our songs of praise
 To our ascended Priest;
 He entered heaven with all our names
 Engraven on his breast.

2 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
 Nor blush to bear his name;
 Still may our hearts hold fast his faith—
 Our lips his praise proclaim.

JESUS LOVES ME.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n
Wonderful things in the Bi-ble I see;

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'I am so glad that our Father in heav'n' and 'Wonderful things in the Bi-ble I see;' written below the notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Tells of his love in the book he has giv'n;
This is the dear-est, That Je-sus loves me. }

The second system continues the melody on the treble and bass staves. The lyrics 'Tells of his love in the book he has giv'n;' and 'This is the dear-est, That Je-sus loves me.}' are written below the notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.

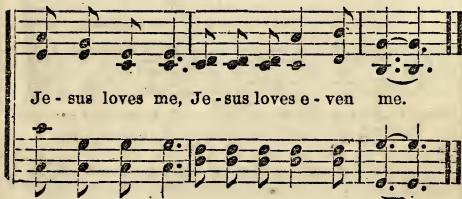
CHORUS.

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus

The chorus is written on the treble and bass staves. The lyrics 'I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus' are written below the notes. The system ends with a repeat sign.



loves me, Je - sus loves me; I am so glad tha;



Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

- 2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray;
Back to his dear, loving arms I would flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

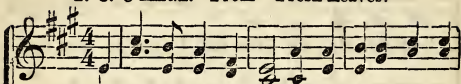
CHO.—I am so glad, &c.

- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be;
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

CHO.—I am so glad, &c.

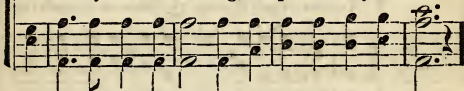
"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

T. C. O'KANE. From "Fresh Leaves."



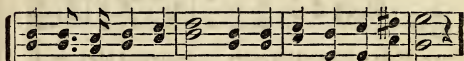


For I am weak and weary, And helpless and de- filed.
The 'ear-ly dew' of morning, Has pass'd away at noon.

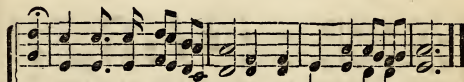
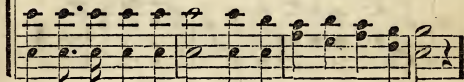


Tell me the old, old story, ' Christ Jesus makes thee whole! '

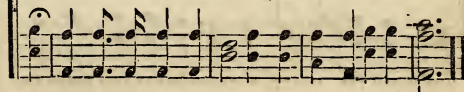
CHORUS.



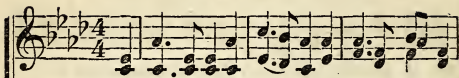
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, It will my spir- it move;



Oh, tell me the old, old sto- ry, Of Je- sus and his love.

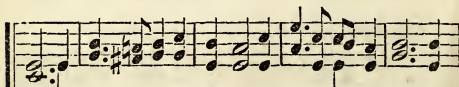


I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY:

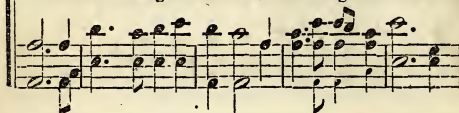


1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things a-
2. I love to tell the sto-ry; More wonderful it

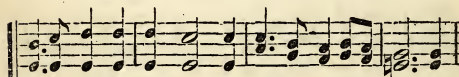
3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleasant to re-



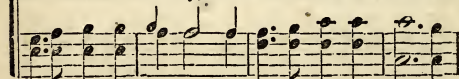
bove, Of Je - sus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love. I
seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I



peat what seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet. I

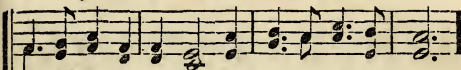


love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It
love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me! And

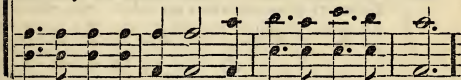


love to tell the sto - ry, For some have never heard The

Music by WM. G. FISCHER. By permission.

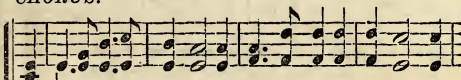


sat - is - fles my longings As nothing else would do.
that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

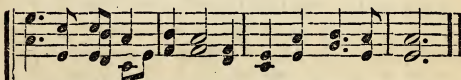
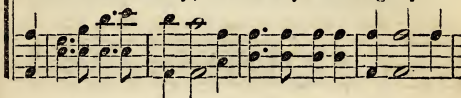


message of sal - va - tion from God's own ho - ly word.

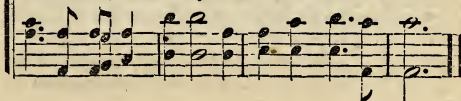
CHORUS.



I love to tell the story; 'Twill be my theme in glory To



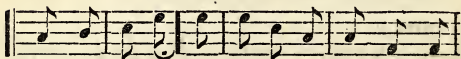
tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.



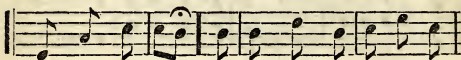
SCOTLAND. 12s.



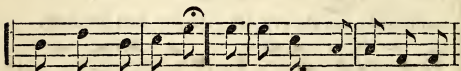
1. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will
2. Thou art gone to the grave, we no long-



not de-plore thee; Tho' sorrows and darkness en-
 er de-plore thee, Nor tread the rough path of the



com-pass the tomb, The Saviour has pass'd thro' its
 world by thy side; But the wide arms of mer-cy are

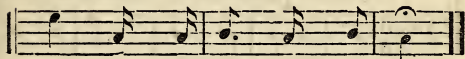


por - tals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy
 spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope, since the

SCOTLAND. Concluded.



guide thro' the gloom—And the lamp of his
Sa - viour hath died— And sin - ners may



love is thy guide thro' the gloom.
hope, since the Sa - viour hath died.

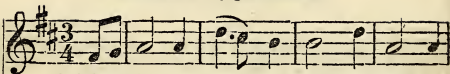
3.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long :
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's
song—
And the song, &c.

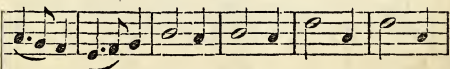
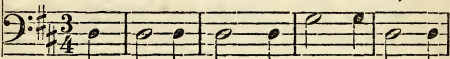
4.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to de-
plore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide ;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath
died—
Where death, &c.

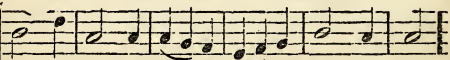
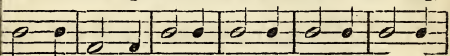
Revivalist, by permission.



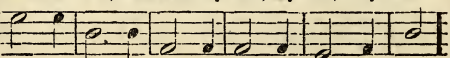
1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That



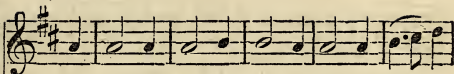
which the Prince of glory died, My rich-est gain I
 in the cross of Christ my God; All the vain things that
 row and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and
 were an off'ring far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



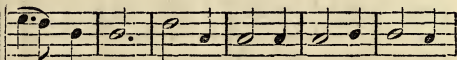
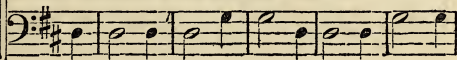
count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
 so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



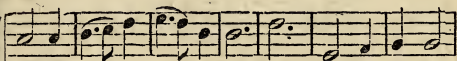
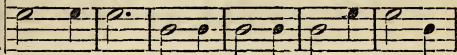
CHORUS.



The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous

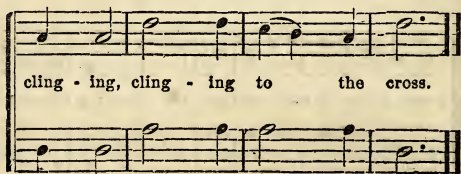
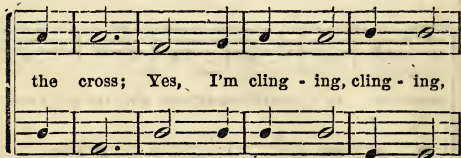
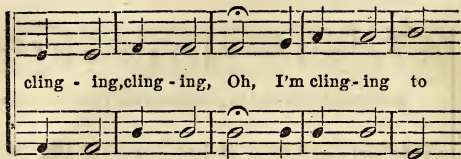


cross of Je - sus: From all our sin, its guilt and

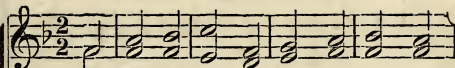


power, And ev'ry stain it frees us: Then I'm clinging,

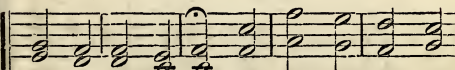
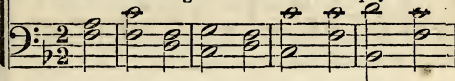




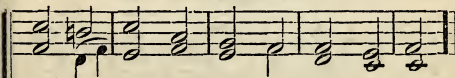
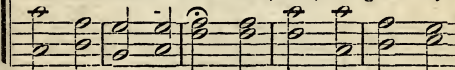
DUNDEE. C. M.



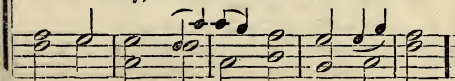
1. A - las, and did my Sa - viour bleed, And
 2. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While
 3. But floods of grief can ne'er re - pay The



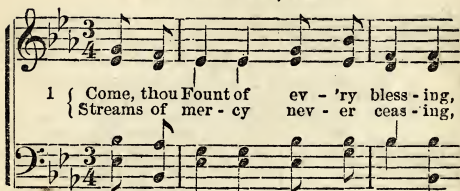
did my Sovereign die? Did he de - vote that
 his dear cross appears, Dis - solve my heart in
 debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my



sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 thank - ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
 self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

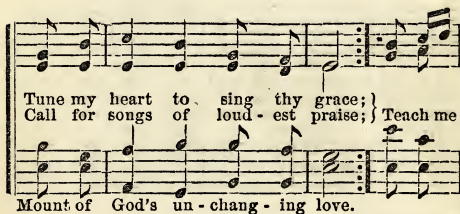


FOUNT. 8s & 7s, double.




1 { Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing,
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing,

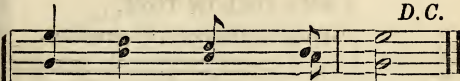
D. C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it—



Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
Call for songs of loud - est praise; } Teach me
Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.



some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by

D. C.


flam - ing tongues a - bove.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be;
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.

3 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it—
 Seal it for thy courts above.
 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS, by permission.

1. I will fol - low thee, my Sa - viour,
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorn - y,

3. Tho' 'tis lone and dark and drear - y,
4. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la - tions,

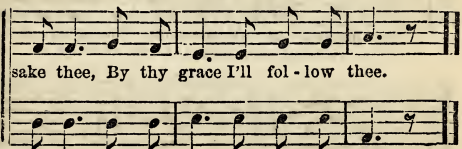
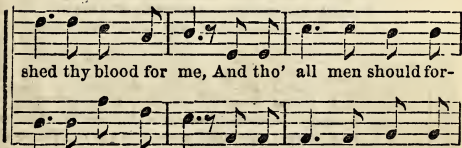
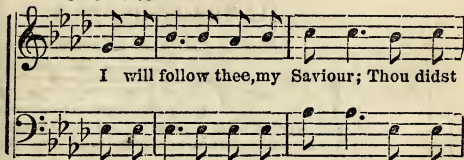
Where - so - e'er my lot may be; Where thou goest
Trackless as the foam - ing sea; Thou hast trod this

Cheerless tho' my path may be, If thy voice I
Sore - ly tempted tho' I be, I remember

I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low thee.
way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol - low thee.

hear before me, Fear - less - ly I'll fol - low thee.
thou wast tempted, And re - joice to fol - low thee.

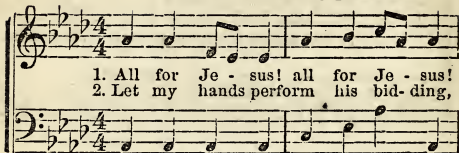
CHORUS.



5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still would follow thee.

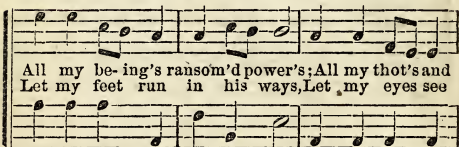
ALL FOR JESUS. 8s & 7s.

WM. G. FISCHER, by permission.



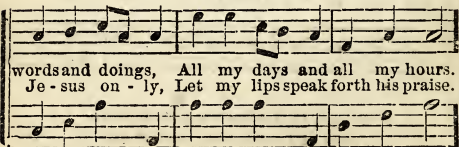
1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus!
2. Let my hands perform his bid - ding,

3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus,
4. All entranced my soul while gaz - ing



All my be - ing's ran - som'd power's; All my thought's and
Let my feet run in his ways, Let my eyes see

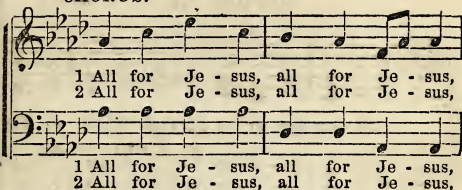
I've lost sight of all be - side; So enchained my
At my Saviour's matchless charms; Falling at his



words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.

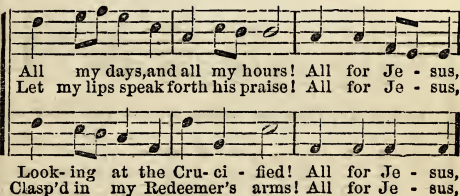
spirit's vis - ion, Looking at the Cru - ci - fied.
feet, a - doring, Lo, he clasps me in his arms!

CHORUS.




1 All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus,
2 All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus,

1 All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus,
2 All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus,



All my days, and all my hours! All for Je - sus,
Let my lips speak forth his praise! All for Je - sus,

Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied! All for Je - sus,
Clasp'd in my Redeemer's arms! All for Je - sus,



all for Je - sus, All my days and all my hours!
all for Je - sus, Let my lips speak forth his praise!

all for Je - sus, Looking at the Cru - ci - fied!
all for Je - sus, Clasp'd in my Re - deem - er's arms!

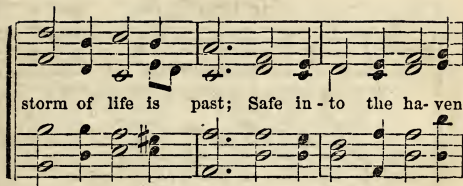
REFUGE. 7s.

MASON.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy

bo-som fly, While the raging bil-lows roll, While the

tempest still is high. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the

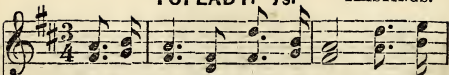


2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed:
 All my help from thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

TOPLADY. 7s.

HASTINGS.

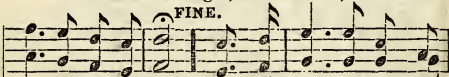


1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me
 2 Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my
 3 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my



D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me

FINE.



hide myself in thee; Let the wa - ter and the
 zeal no languor know, This for sin could not a -
 eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds un -



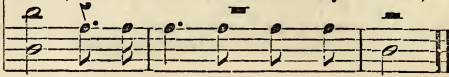
wrath and make me pure.

to thy cross I cling.

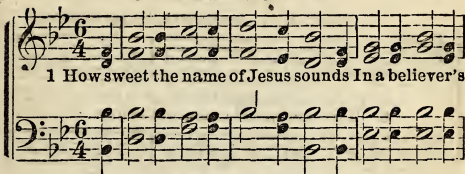
hide my-self in thee.

D. C.

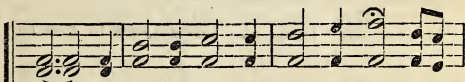
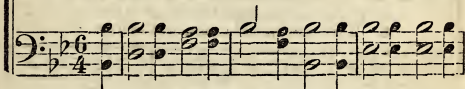
blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood,
 tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone,
 known, And be-hold thee on thy throne,



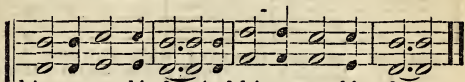
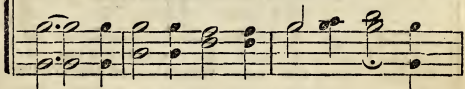
ORTONVILLE. C. M. HASTINGS.



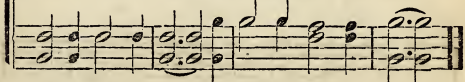
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's



ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And



drives a-way his fear, And drives away his fear.

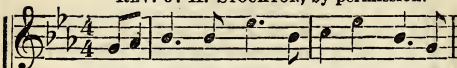


2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

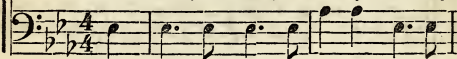
THE CROSS. C. M.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by permission.



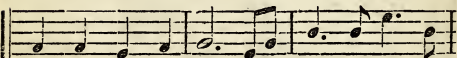
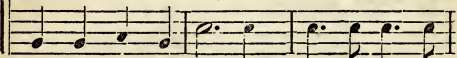
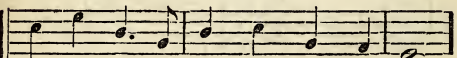
1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stain'd cross, The

2. That cross, that cross, that heavy cross, My

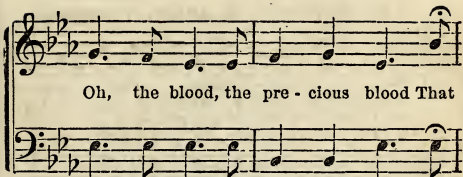


3 How light, how light this precious cross, Pre-

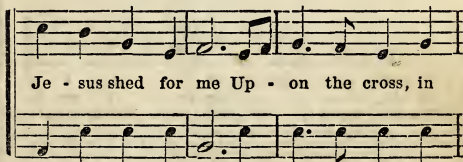
4 My tears, un-bid-den, seem to flow For

hallowed cross I see! Re-mind-ing me of
Saviour bore for me, Which bowed him to thesent-ed to my view; And while with care I
love, un-bounded love, Which guides me thr' thisprecious blood That once was shed for me.
earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.take it up, Behold the crown my due.
world of woe, And points to joys a-bove.

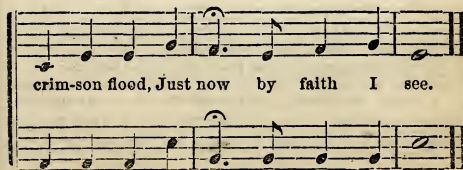
CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the pre - cious blood That



Je - sus shed for me Up - on the cross, in



crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.

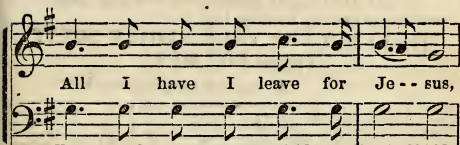
Words by Rev. B. M. ADAMS, by permission.

1 Sad and wear-y with my long-ing,
 2 Oh, the joy of know-ing Je-sus;
 3 Oh, re-fine me by thy Spir-it,

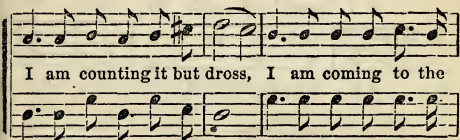
Filled with shame because of sin; As I am
 It is dawning on my soul; I am find-
 Make my earth-ly life sub-lime, With my heart

in conscious weakness, Here I would sal-vation win.
 ing his sal-vation, And the pow'r that makes me whole.
 a home for Jesus, 'Till I'm done with earth and time.

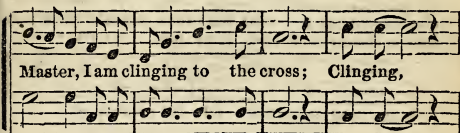
CHORUS.



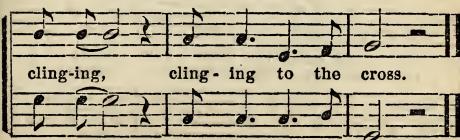
All I have I leave for Je - - sus,



I am counting it but dross, I am coming to the



Master, I am clinging to the cross; Clinging,

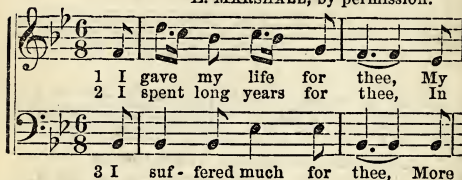


cling-ing, cling-ing to the cross.

It is said that Count Zinzendorf was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto:

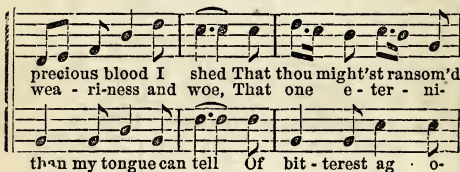
"THIS I DID FOR THEE.—WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?"

L. MARSHALL, by permission.



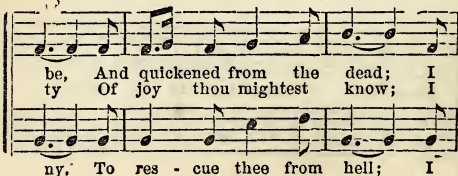
1 I gave my life for thee, My
2 I spent long years for thee, In

3 I suf-fered much for thee, More



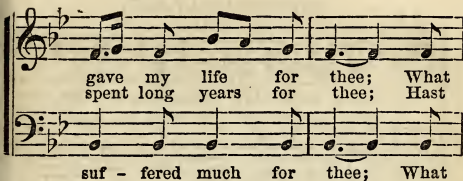
precious blood I shed That thou might'st ransom'd
wea-ri-ness and woe, That one e-ter-ni-

than my tongue can tell Of bit-terest ag-o-

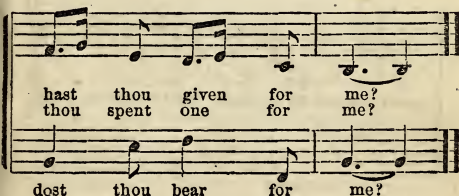


be, And quickened from the dead; I
ty Of joy thou mightest know; I

ny, To res-cue thee from hell; I



gave my life for thee; What
 spent long years for thee; Hast
 suf - fered much for thee; What

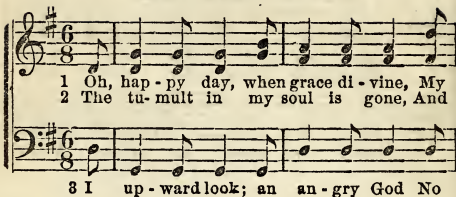


hast thou given for me?
 thou spent one for me?
 dost thou bear for me?

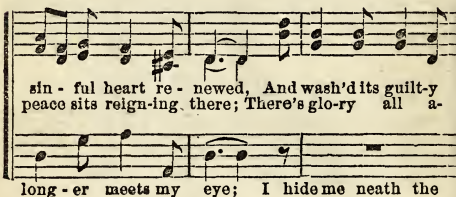
4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love:
 Great gifts I brought to thee:
 What hast thou brought to me?

5 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for me be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent:
 Give thou thyself to Me,
 And I will welcome thee.

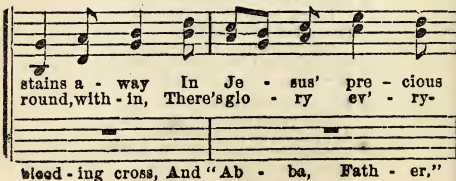
WONDROUS GRACE.



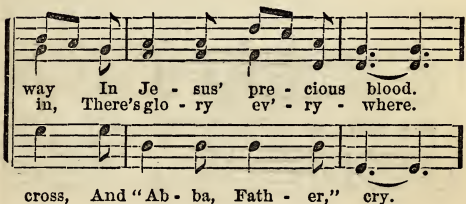
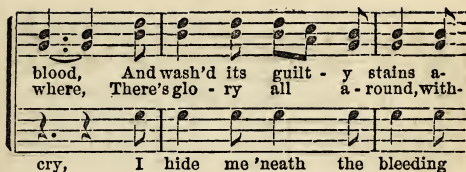
1 Oh, hap - py day, when grace di - vine, My
2 The tu - mult in my soul is gone, And
3 I up - ward look; an an - gry God No



sin - ful heart re - newed, And wash'd its guilt-y
peace sits reign-ing there; There's glo-ry all a-
long - er meets my eye; I hideme neath the



stains a - way In Je - sus' pre - cious
round, with - in, There's glo - ry ev' - ry-
bleed - ing cross, And "Ab - ba, Fath - er,"



4 When sinful pleasure lures my soul,
I gaze upon the cross;
:||: The gaudy pageant fades away —
'Tis vanity and dross. :||:
CHO. — O grace, &c.

5 I struggle with my foes and fears
With a triumphant faith,
:||: And grace will crown my dying hour
With victory over death. :||:
CHO. — O grace, &c.

From the ECHO, Am. Tract Soc., by permission.

CHORUS.

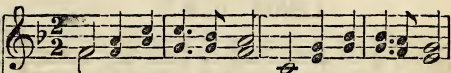
O grace, won - drous grace! Brethren,

sing with me The wondrous grace which

Je - sus bought With blood on Cal - va - ry.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

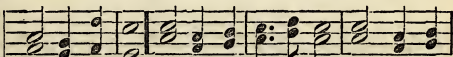
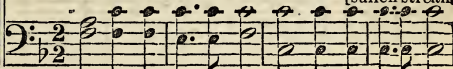
MASON.



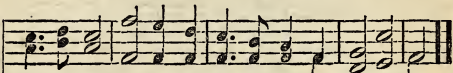
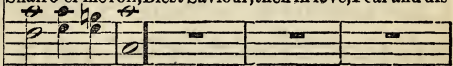
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.

2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting

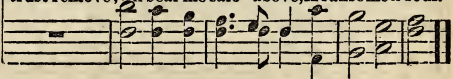
8. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, [heart,
[sullen stream]



Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in- spire: As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.
trust remove; Oh bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.

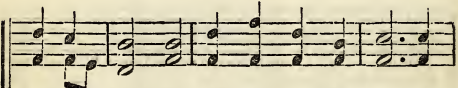
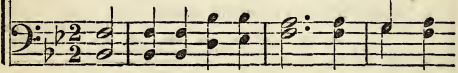


LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.



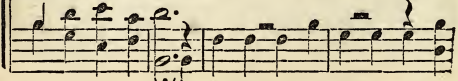
1. Blowye the trumpet, blow; The glad - ly



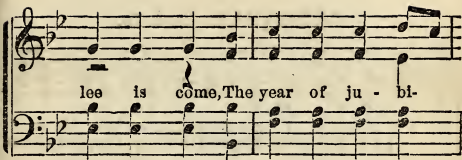
solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To



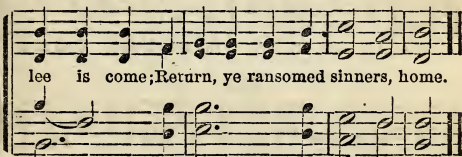
earth's remotest bound: The year of Ju - bi -



The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The



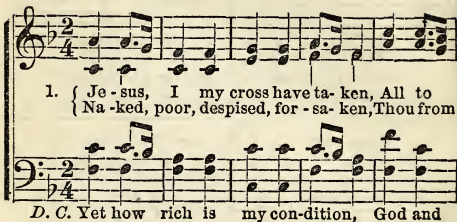
year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re-



turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.

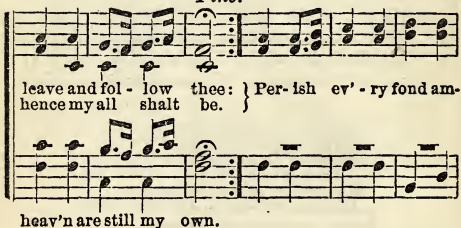
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God —
The sin-aton-ing Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



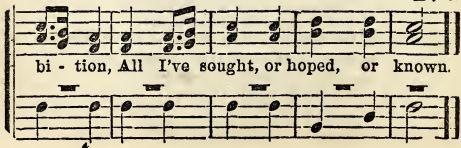
1. { Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to
Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from

D. C. Yet how rich is my con - dition, God and

Fine.


leave and fol - low thee: } Per - ish ev' - ry fond am -
hence my all shalt be. }

heav'n are still my own.

D. C


bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ·
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Perish earthly fame and treasure ;
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
 In thy service pain is pleasure ;
 With thy favor loss is gain :
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me ;
 Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

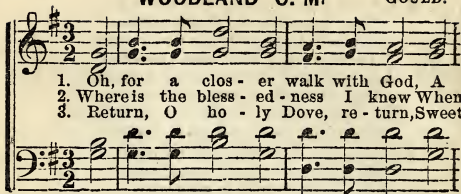
F.

GREENVILLE.

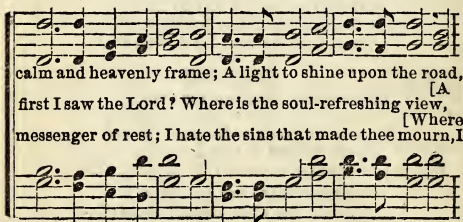
- 1 Yes, we part, but not for ever,
 Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
 They who love the Saviour, never
 Know a long, a last farewell.
 Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale.
- 2 O what meetings are before us ;
 Brighter far than tongue can tell ;
 Glorious meetings to restore us
 Him with whom we long to dwell.
 With what raptures will the sight our bosoms swell.
- 3 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
 Soon will fade this earth away ;
 Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
 Wait the full redemption-day.
 Hail the rising of the wished-for new-born ray.
- 4 Thus we part, but not for ever,
 Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
 They who love the Saviour, never
 Know a long, a last farewell.
 Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale.

WOODLAND C. M.

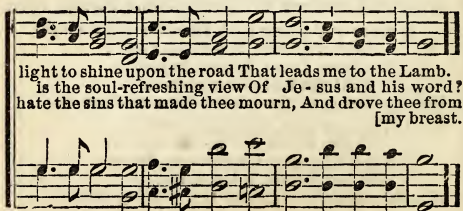
GOULD.



1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When
 3. Return, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet



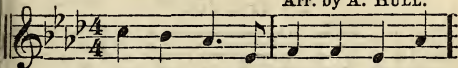
calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road,
 first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view,
 messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn, I



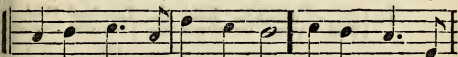
light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 is the soul-refreshing view Of Je - sus and his word?
 hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from
 [my breast.

JOY COMES WITH THE MORNING.

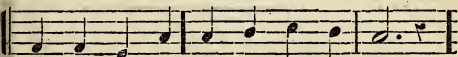
Arr. by A. HULL.



1. Soft - ly on the breath of eve - ning,
2. Pearl - y dew's, like tears, are fall - ing

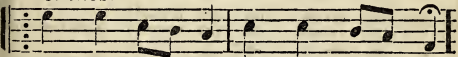


Comes the ten - der sigh of day; Lonely heart, by
Gent - ly on the sleeping flow'rs; Stars like an - gel

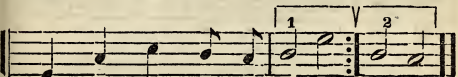


sor - row la - den, 'Tis the time to pray.
eyes are beaming From ce - les - tial bow'rs.

CHORUS.



Wea - ry pil - grim, cease thy mourn - ing;



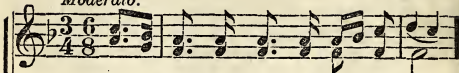
Joy will come with the morning, morning.

- 3 'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion;
Pilgrim, watch and pray.—CHO.

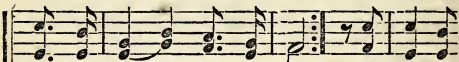
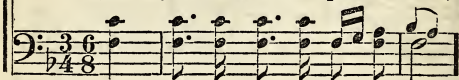
- 4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper;
Pilgrim, watch and pray.—CHO.

ON THE CROSS.

Arranged.

Moderato.

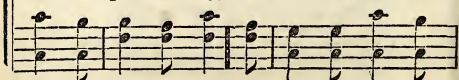
1. { Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God,
 { For you he sheds his precious blood,

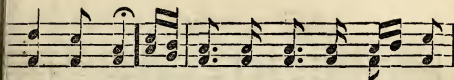


On the cross, on the cross! }
 On the cross, on the cross! } Now hear his

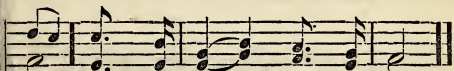


all - im - port - ant cry, "E - loi la - ma sa -

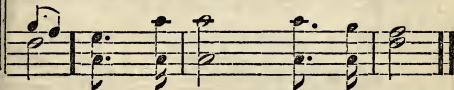




bac - tha - ni:" Draw near and see your Sa - viour



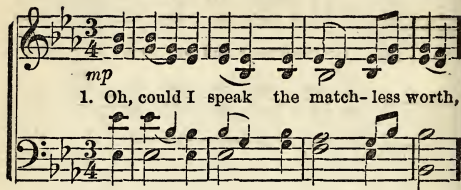
die, On the cross, on the cross.



2 'Tis done, the mighty deed is done,
 On the cross, on the cross;
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
 On the cross, on the cross:
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
 While Jesus suffers for your sake,
 On the cross, on the cross.

3 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross:
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross:
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,—
 That Jesus suffered death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross.

ARIEL. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON.



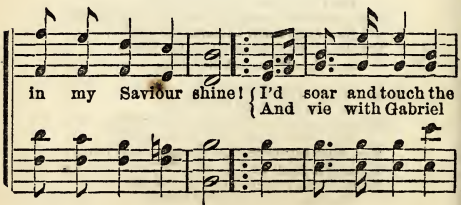
mp

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth,



Cres.

Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth Which



in my Saviour shine! { I'd soar and touch the
And vie with Gabriel

heav'nly strings, }
while he sings } In notes al - most di-

vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

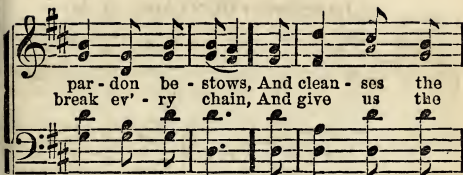
THE FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

A. HULL, by permission.

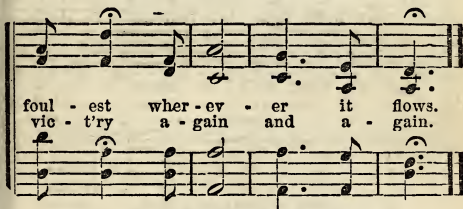
1. 'Twas Je-sus, my Saviour, who died on
 CHO.— For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev'-

a tree, To o - pen a fountain for sinners like
 ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a - gain and a -

me; His blood is that foun-tain which
 gain; For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall



par - don be - stows, And clean - ses the
break ev' - ry chain, And give us the

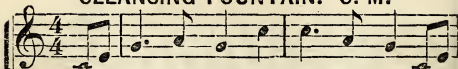


foul - est wher - ev - er it flows.
vic - t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, — his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conq'ring band
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.—**CHO.**

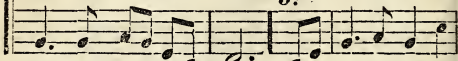
3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss;
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.—**CHO.**

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

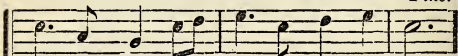


1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn

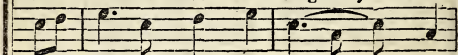
F.



from Im - man - uel's veins, And sinners plung'd be-
Fine.

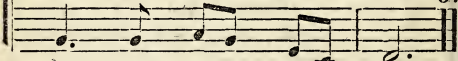


neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.



Lose all their guilt - y stains . . . Lose

D.S. F.

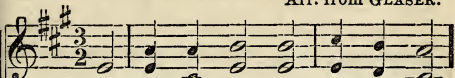


all their guilt - - y stains.

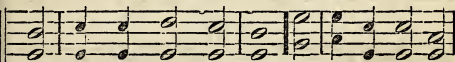
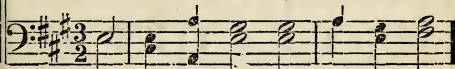
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

AZMON. C. M.

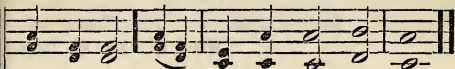
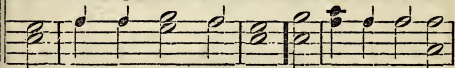
Art. from GLASER.



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek,
 3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart,



A heart from sin set free,—A heart that always
 My great Re-deem-er's throne, Where only Christ is
 Be-liev-ing, true and clean, Which neither life nor



feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.
 heard to speak; Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 death can part From Him that dwells with-in.



- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,—
 Thy new, best name of Love.

BENEVENTO. 7s, double.

WEBBE.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted

thro' the for - mer year, Many souls their race have

We a lit - tle longer

run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.

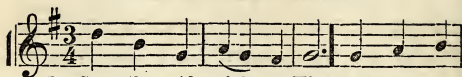
Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state,

Al Segno. ♯

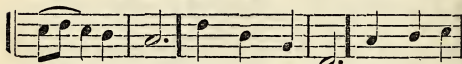
They have done with all be - low;

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

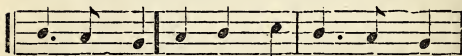
ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



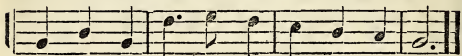
1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy



Name to sing: Help us to praise! Fath-er all-



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

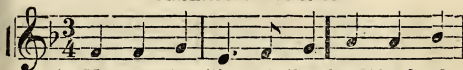


Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.

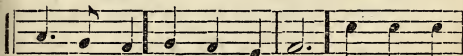
2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

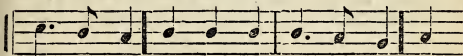
AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



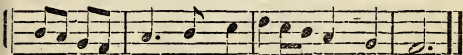
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of



lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my



fath - ers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride, From



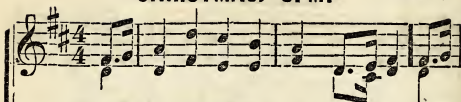
ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

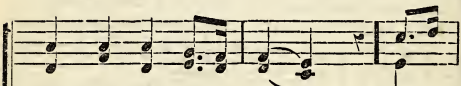
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

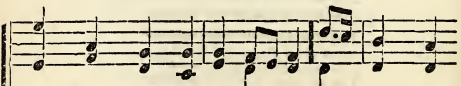
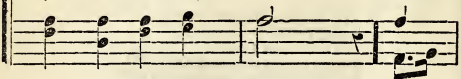
CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.



1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which

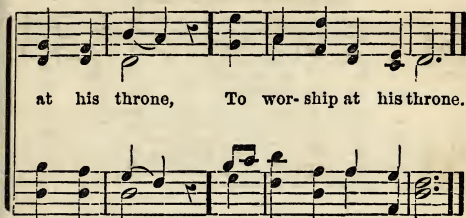


God has call'd his own; With



joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship





at his throne, To wor-ship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer.
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

SILVER-STREET S. M.

1. Love is the strongest tie That can our

souls u - nite; Love makes our ser - vice

lib - er - ty, Our ev - 'ry bur - den light.

2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands
Our Master's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile,
When love inspires the breast.

The Lord's Day. 7s. 6 lines.

- 1 Safely thro' another week,
God hath brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rise this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My

The
great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries of my

glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his
The glo-ries of my God and
The glo-ries of my
God and King, The glories of my God and

grace,
 King, The tri - umphs of his grace.
 God and King,
 King,

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,—
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

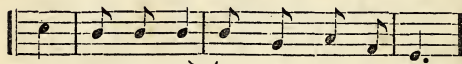
4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin;
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

COME TASTE AND SEE.

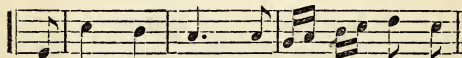
A. HULL.



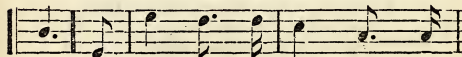
1. Dear sin - ner, why so tho't - less roam?
2. There's room for thee up - on the road,



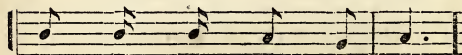
This world is not your fu - ture home;
The nar - row way that leads to God;



Come, view the charms which in the Saviour
Faith views the land where saints and an - gels

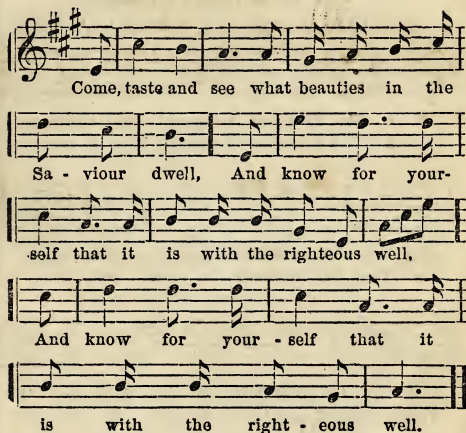


dwell, And know for your - self that it
dwell, And says to thy heart that it



is with the right - eous well.
is with the right - eous well.

CHORUS.



Come, taste and see what beauties in the
 Sa - viour dwell, And know for your-
 self that it is with the righteous well,
 And know for your - self that it
 is with the right - eous well.

3.

There richest fruits abundant grow;
 There living streams forever flow
 For all who in those blissful regions dwell;
 And there you shall know that it is with the righteous
 [well.—CHO.]

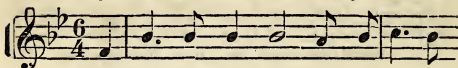
4.

Repent, believe, and sin no more;
 And seek with us that radiant shore
 Where souls redeemed their earthly triumphs tell,
 And then you shall know that it is with the righteous
 [well.—CHO.]

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

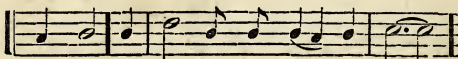
Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by A. HULL.



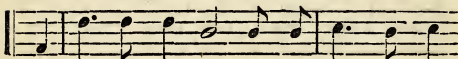
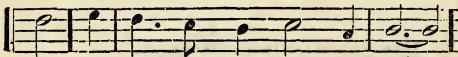
1. Oh, have you not heard of a beau-ti-

2. With mur-mur-ing sound doth it wan-der

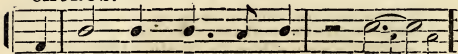


ful stream That flows thro' our Fa-ther's land?

a-long, Thro' fields of e-ter-nal green,

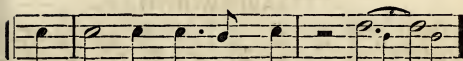
Its wa-ters gleam bright in the heav-en-ly
Where songs of the blest, in their ha-ven oflight, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand.
rest, Float soft on the air se-rene.

CHORUS.

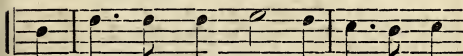


Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful

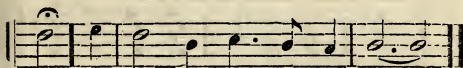
Oh seek,
stream,



Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream; Seek now



Its wa - ters, so free, are flowing for



thee; Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream.

- 3 Its fountains are deep and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
Oh, seek, &c.

- 4 This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
It flows for all nations free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!
Oh, seek, &c.

- 5 Oh, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more.
Oh, seek, &c.

LEAVENWORTH. 7s.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hast - ed
 2. Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er
D. C. We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how

thro' the for - mer year, }
 more to meet us here: } Fixed in an e - ter - nal
 lit - tle, none can know.

D. C.
 state, They have done with all be - low,

2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an - gels hov' - ring
round, There are an - gels hov' - ring round,
There are an - gels, an -
gels hov' - ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem.

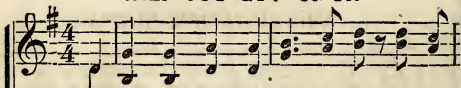
4 Poor sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come.

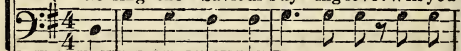
6 Let him that heareth come.

7 We're on our journey home.

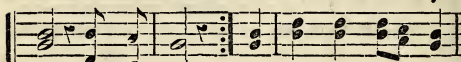
WILL YOU GO? 8s, 3s.



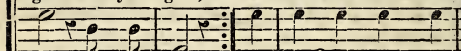
We're trav'ling home to heav'n a-bove: Will you
To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love: Will you



D. C. And millions more are on the road: Will you



go? Will you go? } Millions have reached that
go? Will you go? }

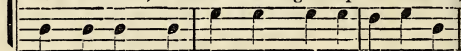


go? Will you go?

D. C.



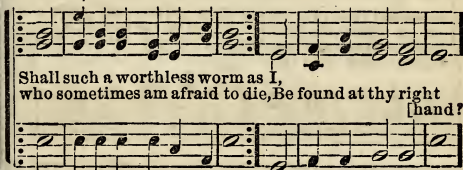
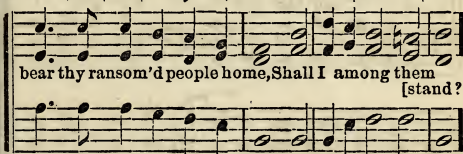
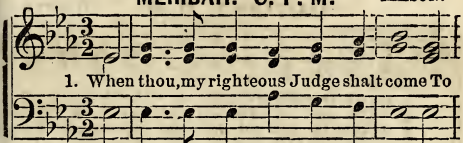
blest a-bode, A-nointed kings and priests to God;



- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light: will you go?
Far, far from death and curse and night: Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share: will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain: will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again: will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see:" will you go?

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

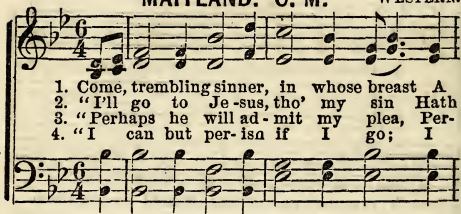
MASON.



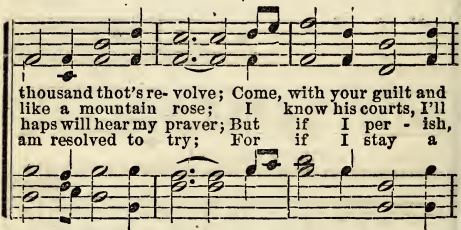
- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call.
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, Oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

MAITLAND. C. M.

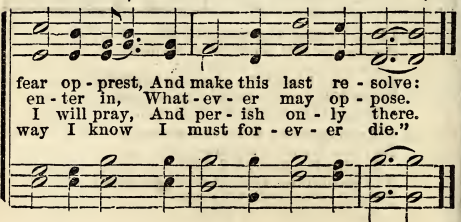
WESTERN.



1. Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast A
 2. "I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath
 3. "Perhaps he will ad-mit my plea, Per-
 4. "I can but per-ish if I go; I



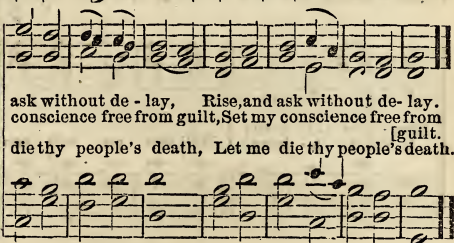
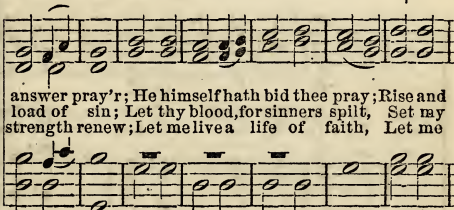
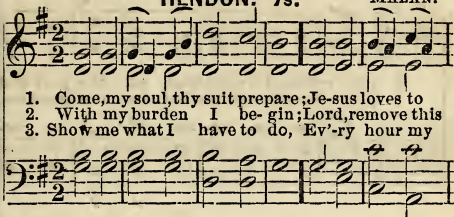
thousand that's re-volve; Come, with your guilt and
 like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll
 haps will hear my prayer; But if I per-ish,
 am resolved to try; For if I stay a



fear op-prest, And make this last re-solve:
 en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
 I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there.
 way I know I must for-ev-er die."

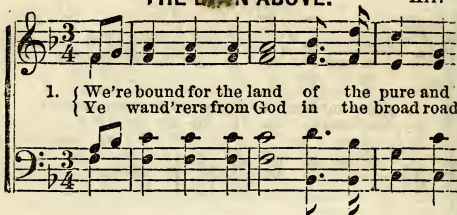
HENDON. 7s.

MALAN.



THE EDEN ABOVE.

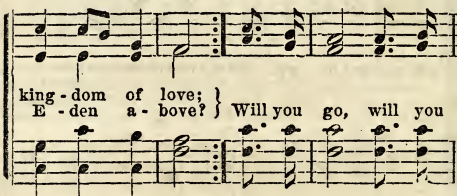
Arr.



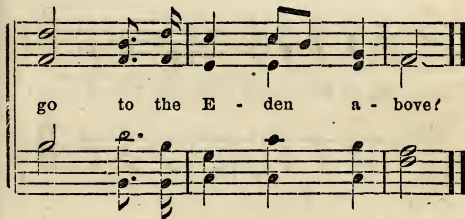
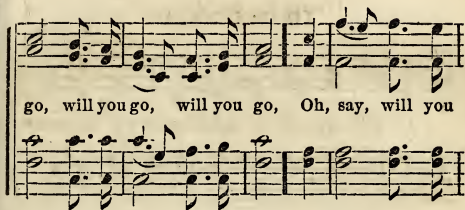
1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road



the ho - ly, The home of the hap - py, the
of fol - ly, Oh, say, will you go to the



king - dom of love; } Will you go, will you
E - den a - bove? }



2

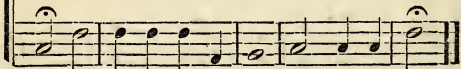
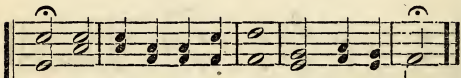
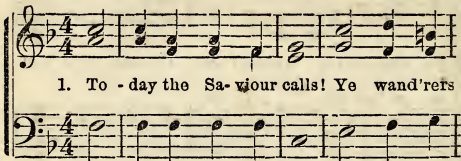
March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
 Yes! soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
 Will you go, &c.

3

And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move:
 Oh, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee,
 And bear thee along to the Eden above.
 Will you go, &c.

TO-DAY. 6s, 4s.

MASON.



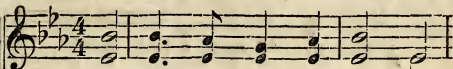
2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

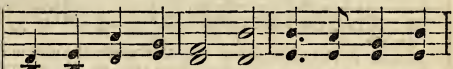
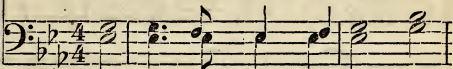
4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to its power:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

OLNEY. S. M.

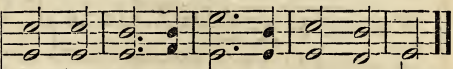
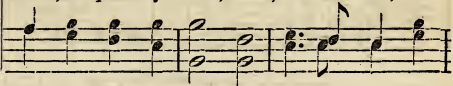
MASON.



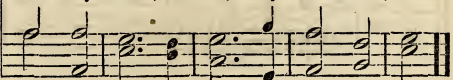
1. The Spir - it in our hearts Is
 2. Let him that hear - eth say To
 3. Yes, who - so - ev - er will, Oh,
 4. Lo! Je - sus, who in - vites, De-



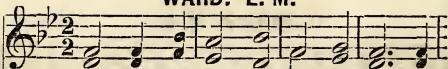
whisp'ring, Sin - ner, come; The bride, the church of
 all a - bout him, come! Let him that thirsts for
 let him free - ly come, And free - ly drink the
 clares, 'I quick - ly come; Lord, ev - en so; I



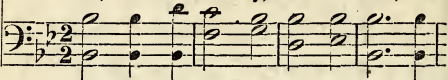
Christ, proclaims To all his chil - dren, come.
 right - eous - ness, To Christ, the fount - ain, come.
 stream of life, 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
 wait thy hour; Je - sus, my Sa - viour, come.



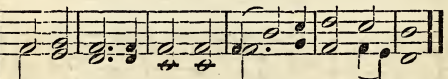
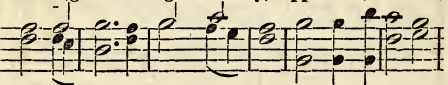
WARD. L. M.



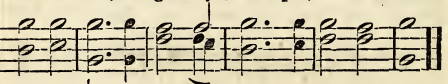
1. With tear - ful eyes I look around, Life
2. It tells me of a place of rest—It
3. 'Come, for all else must fade and die; Earth
4. Oh, voice of mer - cy, voice of love, In



seems a dark and storm-y sea; Yet 'midst the gloom I
tells me where my soul may flee; Oh, to the weary,
is no resting-place for thee: Heav'nward direct thy
conflict, grief and ag - o - ny, Support me, cheer me,



hear a sound, A heavenly whis-per, 'Come to me,'
faint, oppres'd, How sweet the bidding, 'Come to me,'
weeping eye; I am thy por - tion, Come to me,'
from a - bove, And gent - ly whis - per, 'Come to me.'



PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

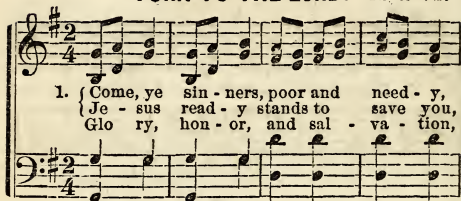
1. Come, saith Je-sus' sacred voice, Come, and

make my paths your choice; I will guide you

to your home; Weary pil-grim, hith-er come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

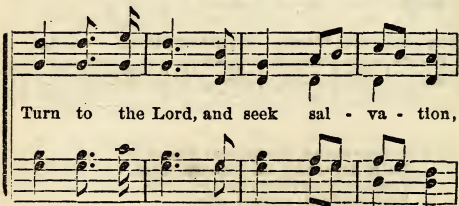
TURN TO THE LORD. 8s & 7s.



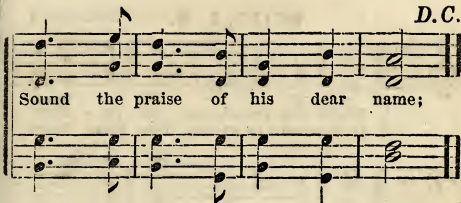
1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y,
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you,
 Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion,

Fine.


Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }
 Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r. }
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion,

D.C.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh. —CHO.

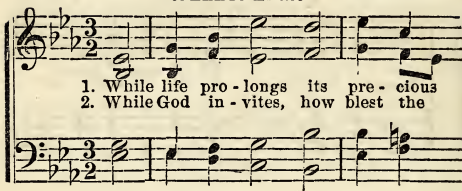
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him. —CHO.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all. —CHO.

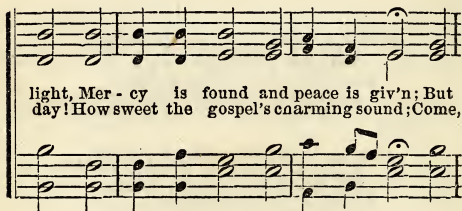
5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him—
 Hear him cry before he dies. —CHO.

WELLS. L. M.

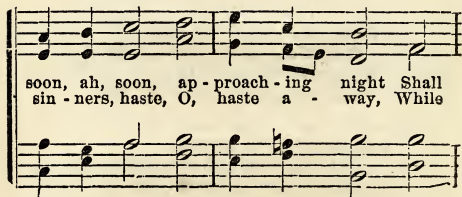
HOLDRAYD



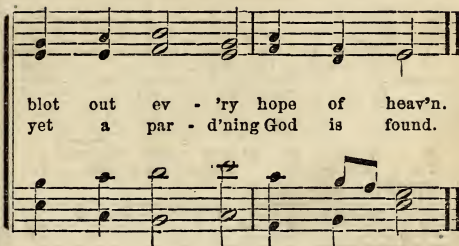
1. While life pro - longs its pre - cious
2. While God in - vites, how blest the



light, Mer - cy is found and peace is giv'n; But
day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound; Come,



soon, ah, soon, ap - proach - ing night Shall
sin - ners, haste, O, haste a - way, While



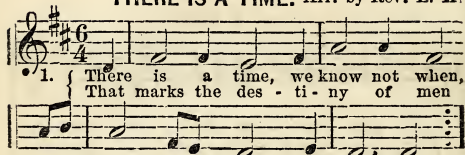
8 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter pray'r,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; How blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

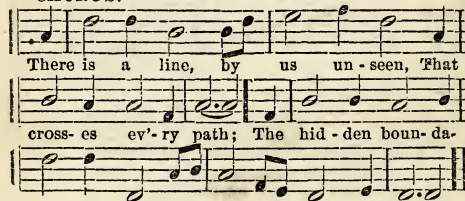
82 INVITATION AND WARNING.

THERE IS A TIME. Arr. by Rev. L. M.



A point we know not where, }
To glo - ry or des - pair. }

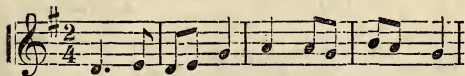
CHORUS.



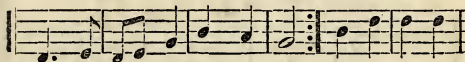
ry be - tween God's pa - tience and his wrath.

- 2 To pass that limit is to die —
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pall the glow of health.
- 3 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 4 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?
- 5 An answer from the skies is sent :
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.

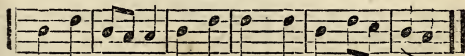
JESUS CALLS YOU. 8s, 7s.



1. { Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you
Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion,
D. C. Je - sus calls you, Je - sus calls you,



To the gos - pel feast to - day; }
Will you, can you yet de - lay? } Je - sus calls you,
Come, poor sin - ner, come a - way.

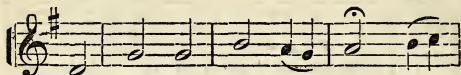


Je - sus calls you, Come, poor sinner, come a - way;

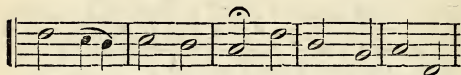
- 2 Come, O! come, all things are ready,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer;
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners, can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?
- 3 Come, O! come, leave father, mother,
To your Saviour's bosom fly!
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon or you die:
Pardon, Saviour!
Hear the sinking sinner cry.
- 4 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say depart?
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

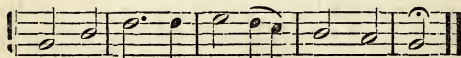
A. WILLIAMS.



1. Let par - ty names no more The



Christian world o'erspread; Gentile and Jew, and

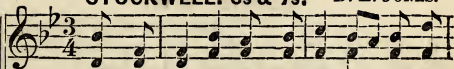


bond and free, Are one in Christ their Head.

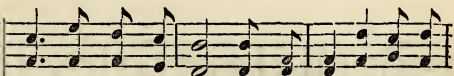
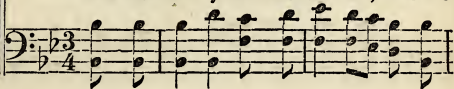
2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

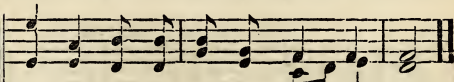
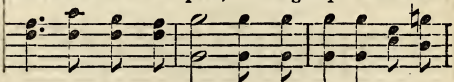
STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. JONES.



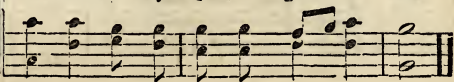
1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gather
2. Oh the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our
4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the



round my lone - ly door; Si - lent - ly they bring be -
 world be oft for - got; Oh the shrouded and the
 spir - its on - ly blend, They, unlinked with earthly
 stars when storms are past; Pointing up to that far

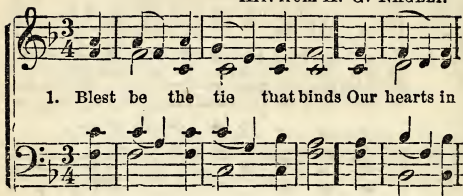


fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
 trou - ble, We still hop - ing for its end.
 heav - en We may hope to gain at last.

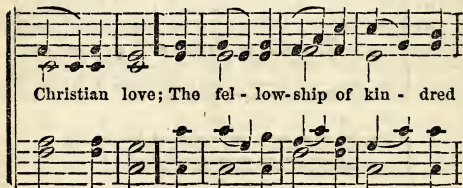


DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in



Christian love; The fel - low-ship of kin - dred



minds Is like to that a - bove.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

Casting our cares on God. S. M.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide !
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

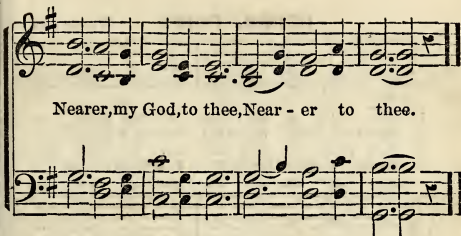
BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. From Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, by permission.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee;

E'entho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to thee,

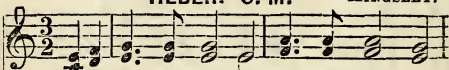


2 Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

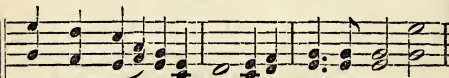
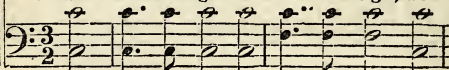
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

HEBER. C. M.

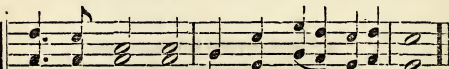
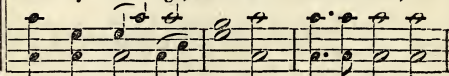
KINGSLEY.



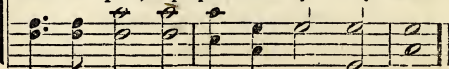
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A
2. Shall I be car-ried to the skies On
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-



follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
 flowery beds of ease, While others fought to
 I not stem the flood? Is this vain world a
 crease my cour-age, Lord! I'll bear the toil, en-

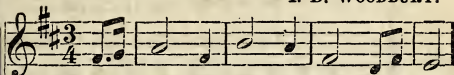


own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 win the prize And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 friend to grace, To help me on to God.
 dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

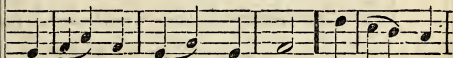


SILOAM. C. M.

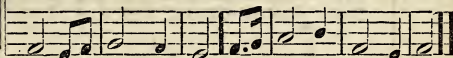
I. B. WOODBURY.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill,



How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the



breath beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!

2 Lo! such a child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.

LEBANON. S. M. Double.

Prof. J. ZUNDEL, by permission.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the

The first system of music is written on two staves, treble and bass, in 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The first line of music corresponds to the lyrics '1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the'.

fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I' are written below the staves.

would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward' are written below the staves.

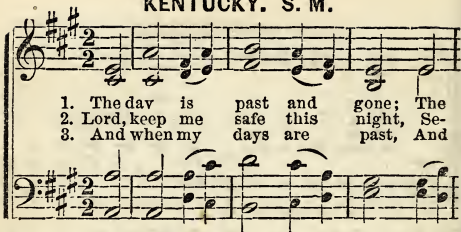
child, I did not love my home, I did not love my

Fath - er's voice, I lov'd a - far to roam.

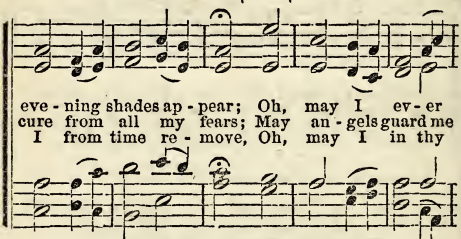
2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er desert, waste, and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished and faint and lone,
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

8 Jesus, my Shepherd is:
 'Twas he that lov'd my soul.
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
 'Twas he that made me whole.
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

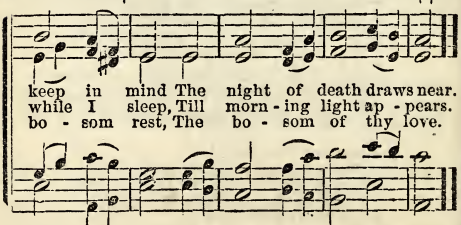
KENTUCKY. S. M.



1. The day is past and gone; The
 2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-
 3. And when my days are past, And



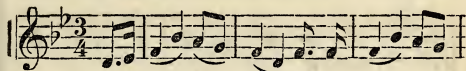
eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may I ev - er
 cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me
 I from time re - move, Oh, may I in thy



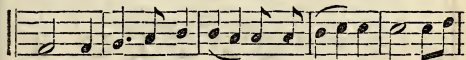
keep in mind The night of death draws near.
 while I sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.
 bo - som rest, The bo - som of thy love.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

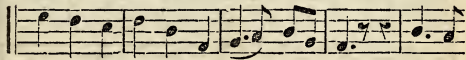
NELSON.



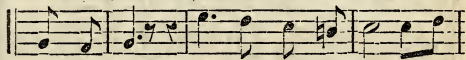
1. I love to stay where my moth - er



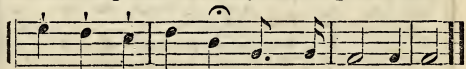
sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps Thro'



the bending willow which lone - ly weeps. O'er my



mother's grave, O'er my mother's grave, Thro'



that bending, wil - low, O'er my mother's grave.

2

I love to kneel on the green turf there,
 Afar from the scene of my daily care,
 And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer,
 O'er my mother's grave.

3

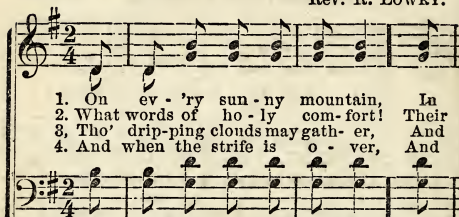
I still remember how oft she led,
 And knelt me by her as with God she plead,
 That I might be his when the clod was spread
 O'er my mother's grave.

4

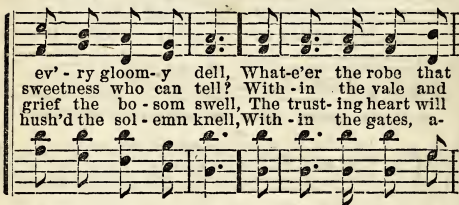
I love to think how 'neath the ground
 She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
 She'll slumber no more when the trumpet shall sound
 O'er my mother's grave.

'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

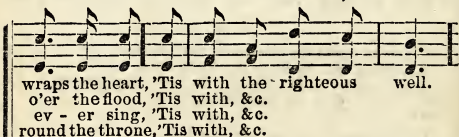
Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. On ev - 'ry sun - ny mountain, In
 2. What words of ho - ly com - fort! Their
 3. Tho' drip - ping clouds may gath - er, And
 4. And when the strife is o - ver, And



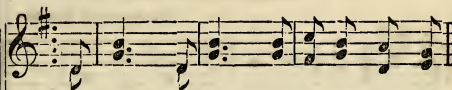
ev - ry gloom - y dell, What - e'er the robe that
 sweetness who can tell? With - in the vale and
 grief the bo - som swell, The trust - ing heart will
 hush'd the sol - emn knell, With - in the gates, a -



wraps the heart, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 o'er the flood, 'Tis with, &c.
 ev - er sing, 'Tis with, &c.
 round the throne, 'Tis with, &c.

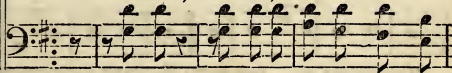


CHORUS.

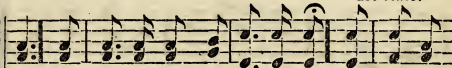


'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous

'Tis well, 'tis well,



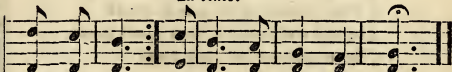
1st time.



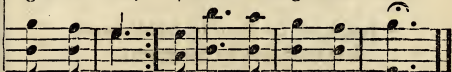
well : In pleasure's light and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the



2d time.

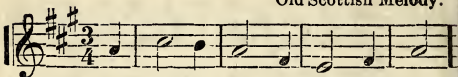


righteous well, 'Tis with the righteous well.

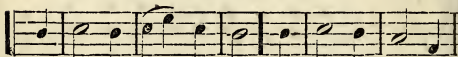


BALERMA. C. M.

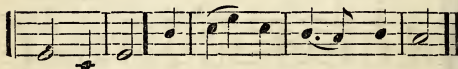
Old Scottish Melody.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines



His wonders to per - form; He plants his footsteps
 Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He treasures up his



in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
 bright de - signs, And works his sov' - reign will.

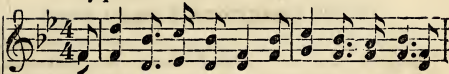
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

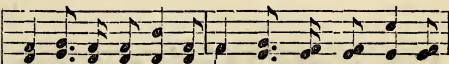
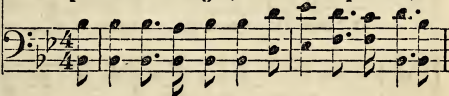
"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

99

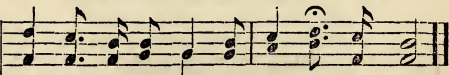
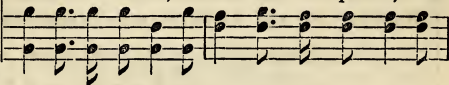
By permission of C. S. HARRINGTON.



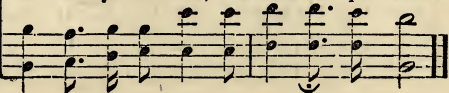
1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It
2. At some time or oth-er the Lord will provide; It
3. Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide; And



may not be my way, It may not be thy way, And
may not be my time, It may not be thy time, And
this be the to-ken, No word hath he spo-ken, Was

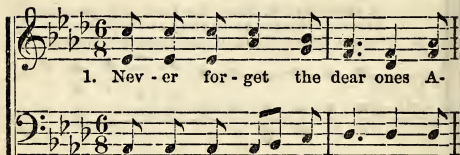


yet in his own way, "The Lord will pro - vide."
yet in his own time, "The Lord will pro - vide."
ev - er yet bro - ken, "The Lord will pro - vide."



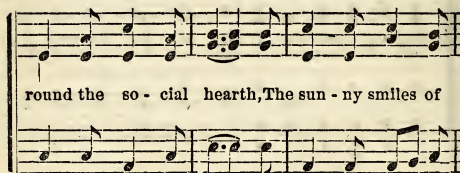
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.



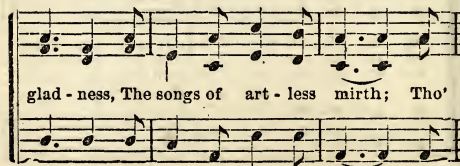
1. Nev - er for - get the dear ones A-

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It contains two measures of music, ending with a repeat sign. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing two measures of music.



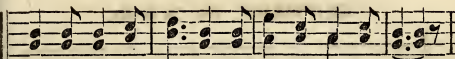
round the so - cial hearth, The sun - ny smiles of

The second system of music continues the melody on two staves. The upper staff has two measures, and the lower staff has two measures. The music flows from the first system into this one.

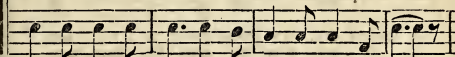


glad - ness, The songs of art - less mirth; Tho'

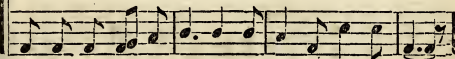
The third system of music concludes the piece on two staves. The upper staff has two measures, and the lower staff has two measures. The music flows from the second system into this one.



oth - er scenes may woo thee In oth - er lands to roam,



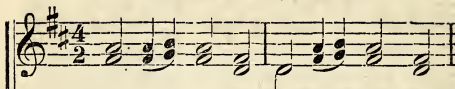
Never forget the dear ones That cluster round thy home.



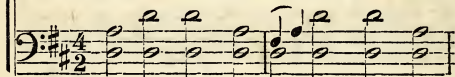
- 2 Ever their hearts are turning
 To thee when far away ;
 Their love, so pure and tender,
 Is with thee on thy way.
 Wherever thou may'st wander,
 Wherever thou may'st roam,
 Never forget the dear ones
 That cluster round thy home.

- 3 Never forget thy father,
 Who cheerful toils for thee ;
 Within thy heart may ever
 Thy mother's image be :
 Thy sister dear and brother,
 They long for thee to come ;
 Never forget the dear ones
 That cluster round thy home.

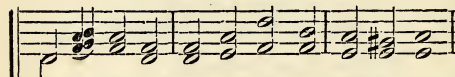
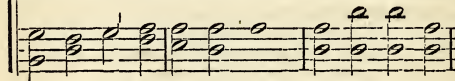
OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.



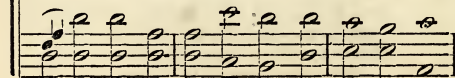
1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah,
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain,

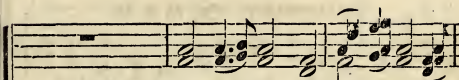


Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but
Whence the healing waters flow; Let the fie - ry,

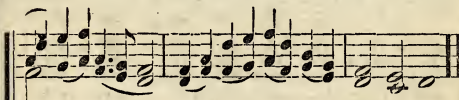
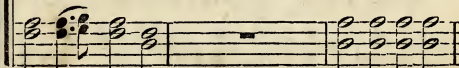


thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand;
cloud-y pil - lar Guide me all my journey through;

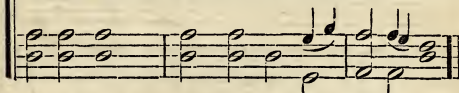




Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I
Stong De-liv'rer, Strong De-liv' - rer, Be thou still my

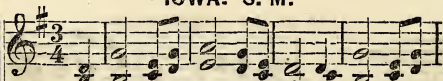


want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

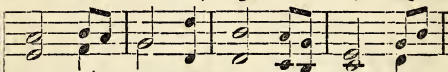


- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

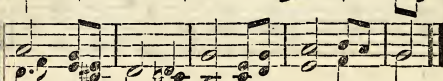
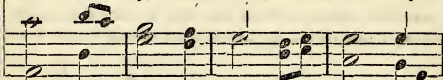
IOWA. S. M.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to
2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing
3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in thy
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy-



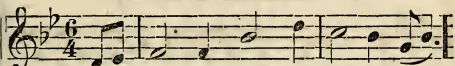
glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing
to ful - fil; Oh may it all my
sight to live; And Oh, thy ser - vant,
self re - ly, As - sured, if I my



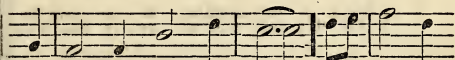
soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.



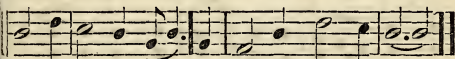
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone,



And all the world go free? No; there's a



cross for ev'-ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above

Who once went sorrowing here;

But now they taste unmingled love,

And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear

Till death shall set me free,

And then go home my crown to wear,

For there's a crown for me.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!

O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down,

And bear my soul away.

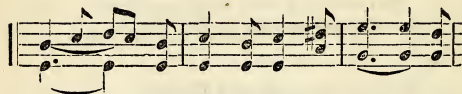
CANAAN. C. M.



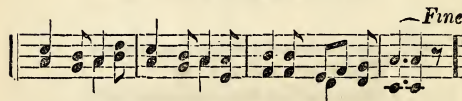
1. { When I can read my ti - tle clear To
 { I'll bid fare-well to ev'-ry fear And



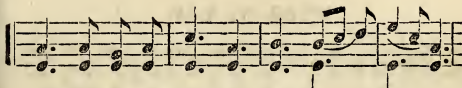
mansions in the skies, } And wipe my weeping
 wipe my weeping eyes, } When we meet to part no



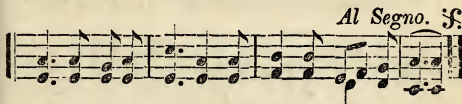
eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes, I'll
 more On Canaan's hap - py shore, 'Tis



bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 there we'll meet, at Jesus' feet, When we meet to part no
 [more.]



Oh, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,



Oh, that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more;

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

CHO.— Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

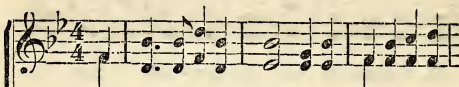
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home
My God, my heaven, my all.

CHO.— Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

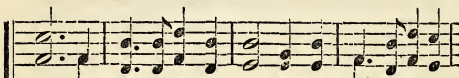
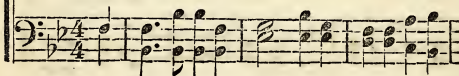
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CHO.— Oh, that will be joyful, &c

WEBB, 7s & 6s.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disap-

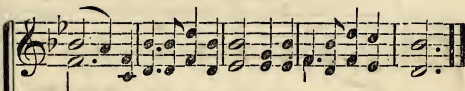


pears, The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-tential

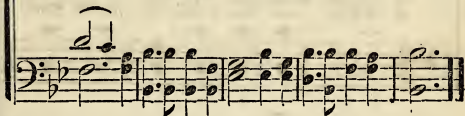


tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings
[from a-





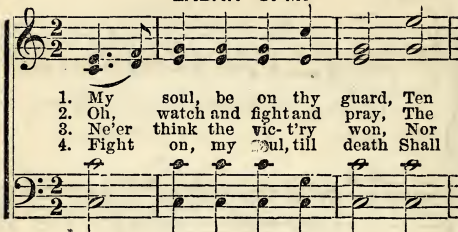
far, Of nations in commotion Prepar'd for Zion's war.



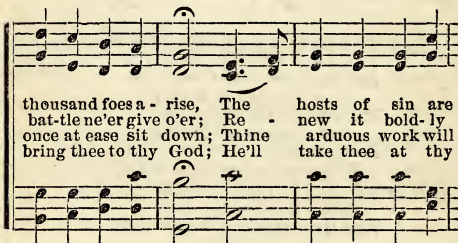
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
 In many a gentle shower ;
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening ev'ry hour ;
 Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answer brings ;
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
 A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of Salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay ;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

LABAN S. M.

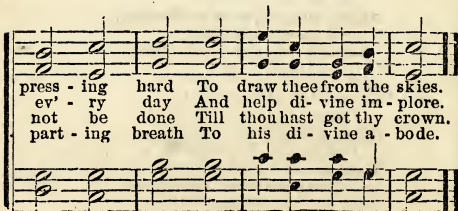
MASON.



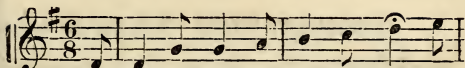
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten
 2. Oh, watch and fight and pray, The
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall



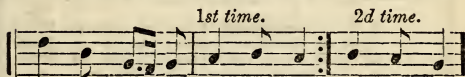
thousand foes a - rise, The hosts of sin are
 bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold-ly
 once at ease sit down; Thine arduous work will
 bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee at thy



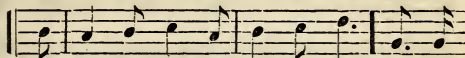
press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 ev' - ry day And help di-vine im-plore.
 not be done Till thou hast got thy crown.
 part - ing breath To his di - vine a - bode.



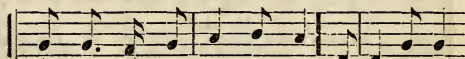
1. { What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which
 { These wondrous gath' rings day by day? What



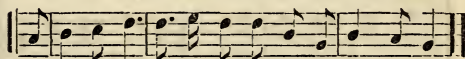
moves with bu - sy haste a - long - }
 means this strange com- [OMIT]. } mo - tion, say?



In ac - cents hush'd, the throng re - ply: "Je - sus



of Naz - a - reth pass - eth by," In accents hush'd



the throng reply: "Jesus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."

- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
 The city move so mightily?

A passing stranger, has he skill
 To move the multitude at will?

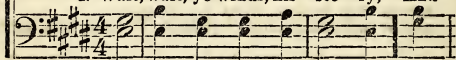
Again the stirring tones reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
 And burdened ones, where'er he came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

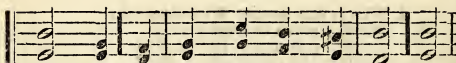
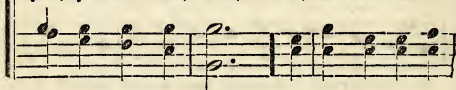
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. L. MASON



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And



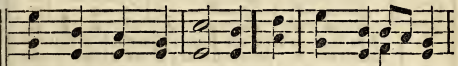
In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Tho' ev - 'ry prospect
wis - dom from on high, Shall we, to men be -
you, ye wat - ers, roll, Till, like a sea of



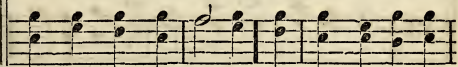

fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand; From
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In
night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal -
glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole; Till





MISSIONARY HYMN. Concluded.



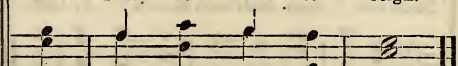
many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y
vain with lav-ish kindness The gifts of God are
va-tion, Oh, sal-va-tion, The joy-ful sound pro-
o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sin-ners

plain, They call us to de-liv-er
strown; The hea-then, in his blind-ness,
claim, Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion
slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor,

Their land from er-ror's chain.
Bows down to wood and stone.
Has learn'd Mes-si-ah's name.
In bliss re-turns to reign.



OAK. 6S & 4S.


DR. LOWELL MASON.



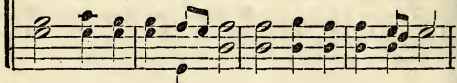
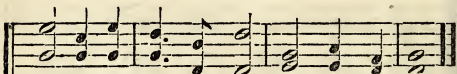
1. { I'm but a trav'ler here; Heav'n is my home,
Earth is a desert drear; Heav'n is my home. }

2. { What tho' the tempest rage; Heav'n is my home,
Short is my pilgrimage; Heav'n is my home. }

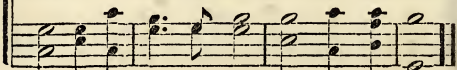
3. { There, at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home,
I shall be glo - rified; Heav'n is my home. }



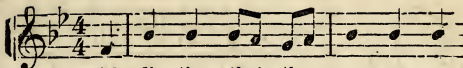
Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'-ry hand;
Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past;
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best;

Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
There too I soon shall rest; Heav'n is my home.



I'LL DIE NO MORE FOR BREAD.



1. Af - flic - tions tho' they seem se - vere,
2. "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
3. His fath - er saw him com - ing back,
4. "Fa - ther, I've sinn'd, but oh, for-give."

D. C. "I'll die no more for bread," he cried,



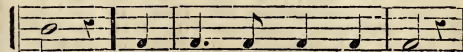
In mer - cy oft are sent; They stopped the
Fall down be - fore his face; Un - wor - thy
He saw, and ran, and smiled, And threw his
"E-nough," the fa - ther said, "Re - jice, my
"Nor starve in for - eign lands: My fa - ther's



prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And caus'd him to re -
to be call'd his son, I'll seek a servant's
arms a - round the neck Of his re - bel - lious
house, my son's a - live For whom I mourn'd as
house has large sup - plies, And bounteous are his

FINE. CHORUS.

D. C.

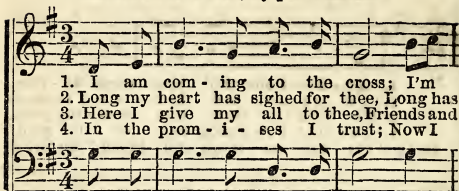


pent.
place.
child.
dead.
hands.

"I'll die no more for bread.

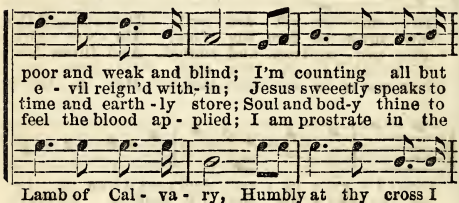
I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

WM. G. FISCHER, by permission.

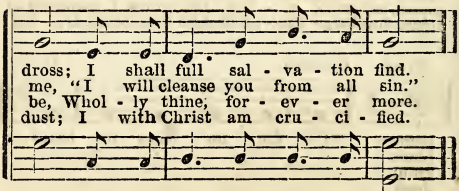


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and
 4. In the prom - i - ses I trust; Now I

CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee; Dear



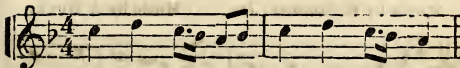
poor and weak and blind; I'm counting all but
 e - vil reign'd with - in; Jesus sweetly speaks to
 time and earth - ly store; Soul and bod - y thine to
 feel the blood ap - plied; I am prostrate in the
 Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Humbly at thy cross I



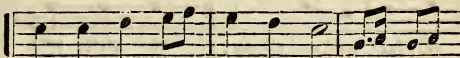
dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 be, Whol - ly thine; for - ev - er more.
 dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

bow; Save me. Je - sus, save me now

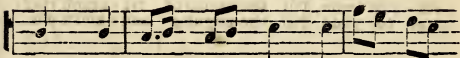
SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



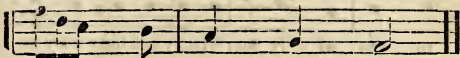
1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing,
2. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing,
3. Tru - ly bless - ed is the sta - tion,



Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Con - stant
 Low be - fore his cross to lie; While I



wealth and peace pos - sess - ing, From the
 still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de -
 see di - vine com - pass - ion Beam - ing

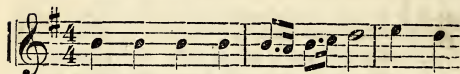


sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 riv - ing from his death.
 in his gra - cious eye.

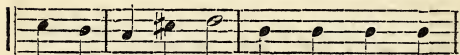
LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

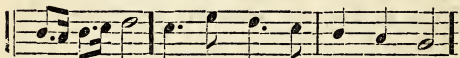
Music by A HULL.



1. Sol-diers on life's bat-tle-field, Be ye
 2. Hark! the bat-tle is be-gun! Ral-ly,
 3. Je-sus calls us to the field! He will

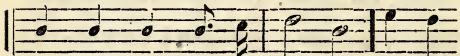


val-iant, bold and strong; In the strife with
 Christians, for your King; For-ward, till the
 lead us ev-er-more; 'Neath his ban-ner

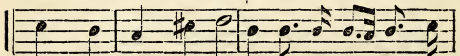


cheer-ful zeal, Urge the Saviour's cause a-long.
 vic-t'ry's won, Till the shouts of tri-umph ring.
 ne'er to yield, Till the might-y con-flict's o'er.

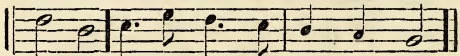
CHORUS,



On-ward, on-ward to glo-ry, Yield not



to the wi-ly foe; Vict'ry and heav'n are be-

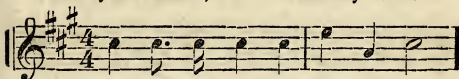


fore thee; Shout your triumphs as you go.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Words by R. TORREY, Jr.

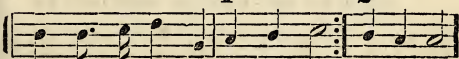
Music by A. HULL



1. { Stand up for Je - sus, Christian, stand,
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,

1

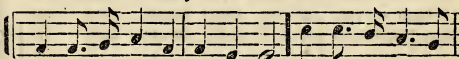
2



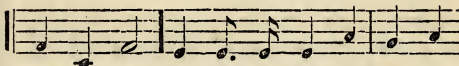
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! }
Like rag-ing floods, a- [OMIT.] } round thy soul!

CHORUS.—*A little faster.*

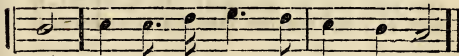
UNISON.



Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand, Firm as a rock on



o-cean's strand! Stand up, his righteous cause de-



feud; Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend.

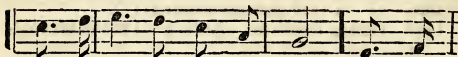
2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord.
Stand up for Jesus, &c.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

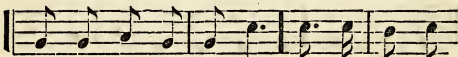
Arr. from Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion
3. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter,

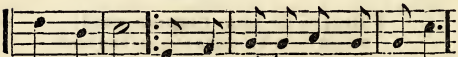


There remains a land of rest; There my
Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand; For my
Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in



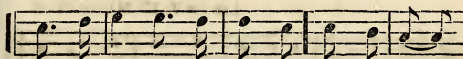
Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my
stay, shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly,
that ce - les - tial cen - tre I a crown of

CHORUS.

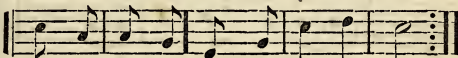


soul's request. { There is rest for the wea - ry,
hap - py land. { On the oth - er side of Jordan,
life shall wear.

REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of



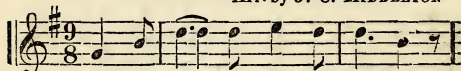
for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed;
Hail with joy the rising morn.—CHO.

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go!
Zion's gates shall open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.—CHO.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Arr. by J. C. MIDDLETON



1. "Land a - head"! its fruits are wav - ing,

2. Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding;



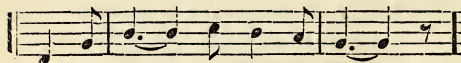
O'er the hills of fade - less green;

See the bless - ed wave their hands;



And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing

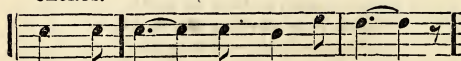
Hear the harps of God re - sound - ing



Shores where heav'n - ly forms are seen.

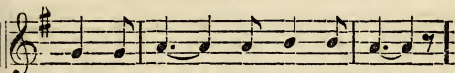
From the bright, im - mor - tal bands.

CHORUS.

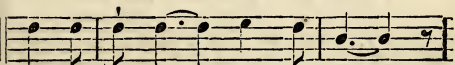


Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,

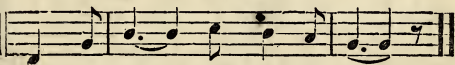
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL. Concluded.



When on that e - ter - nal shore.



Drop the an - chor! furl the sail!



I am safe with - in the vail !

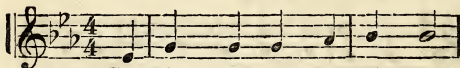
3 There let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silv'ry bay;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
 Shores in sunlight stretch away
 Rocks and storms, &c.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation;
 All the storms of life are past;
 Praise the Rock of our salvation!
 We are safe at home at last.
 Rocks and storms, &c.

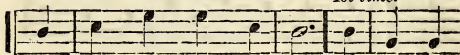
RESTING BY AND BY.

Words by Rev. S. DYER.

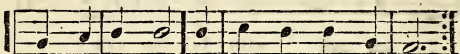
Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.



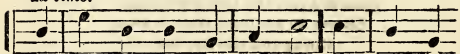
1. { When faint and wea - ry toil - ing,
 There comes a gen - tle chid - ing,
 2. { This life to toil is giv - en,
 Then, pil - grim, worn and wea - ry,

1st time.

The sweat - drops on my brow, I long to
 To quell each mourn - ing sigh; [OMIT.]
 And he im - proves it best Who seeks by
 Press on! the goal is nigh; [OMIT.] - -

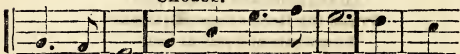


rest from la - bor, To drop the bur - den now -
 pa - tient la - bor To en - ter in - to rest;

2d time.

"Work while the day is shin - ing, There's rest - ing
 The prize is straight be - fore thee; There's rest - ing

CHORUS.



by and by." Rest - ing by and by, There's rest -
 by and by.

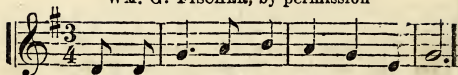
RESTING BY AND BY. Concluded.

ing by and by,— We shall not al- ways la- bor,
 We shall not al- ways cry; The end is draw-
 ing near - er, The end for which we
 sigh; We'll lay our heav - y bur - dens
 down—There's rest - ing by and by.

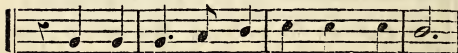
3 Wan reaper in the harvest,
 Let this thy strength sustain,—
 Each sheaf that fills the garner
 Brings you eternal gain.
 Then bear the cross with patience
 To fields of duty hie;
 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
 There's resting by and by.—CHO.

SWEET BY AND BY.

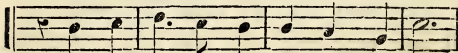
WM. G. FISCHER, by permission



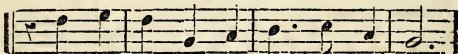
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day,
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fath - er a - bove



And by faith we may see it a - far,
 The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest,
 We will of - fer the tri - bute of praise

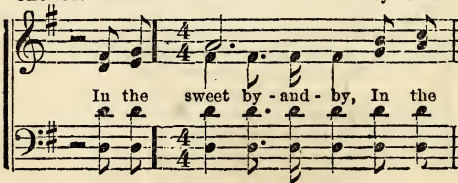


For the Fath - er waits o - ver the way
 And our spir - its shall sor - row no more—
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love,



To pre - pare us a dwell - ing - place there.
 Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 And the blessings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS. In the sweet by - and -

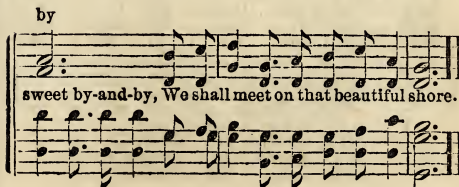
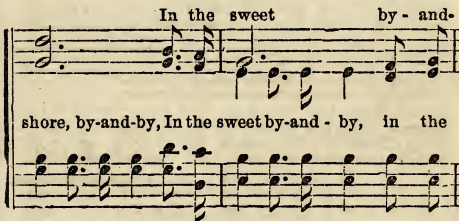
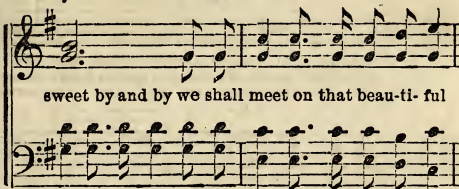


In the sweet by - and - by, In the

IN THE SWEET BY AND BY. Concluded.

by

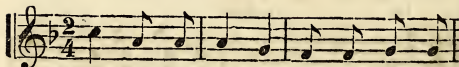
we shall



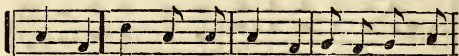
HENLEY.

From "The Hallelujah."

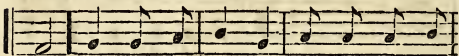
DR. L. MASON.



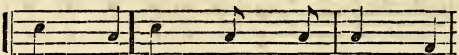
1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark - ly
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's
4. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in



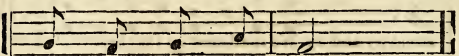
gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis -
 ta - ken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the
 dwelling; Glad are the homes that sorrows nev - er
 glad - ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs that earth too rudely



tress'd, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly
 ground, When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to
 dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic
 press'd: Come un - to me, all ye who droop in



Fath - er, Come un - to me, and
 wak - en, Where their pale brows with
 swell - ing; Soft are the tones which
 sad - ness, Come un - to me, and

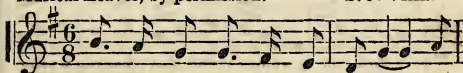


I will give you rest.
 spir - it wreaths are crown'd.
 raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
 I will give you rest.

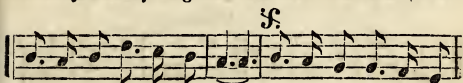
SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

Musical Leaves, by permission.

S. J. VAIL.



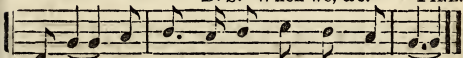
1. Where do you jour - ney, my broth - er, Oh,
jour - ney - ing on - ward to Ca - naan, Thro'



where do you journey, I pray? Where do you journey, my
suff'ring, and tri - al, and care; When we get safe - ly to

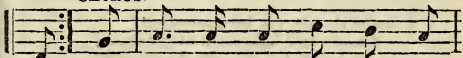
D. S. When we, &c.

FINE.



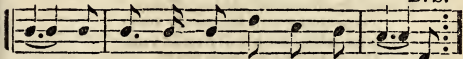
sis - ter, For storm - y and dark is the way?
glo - ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

CHORUS.



We're Oh, say, shall we meet you all

D. S.



there? Oh, say shall we meet you all there? And

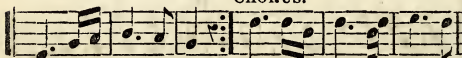
- 2 Oh yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God keep us from weakness and sin,
And bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown we'll endeavor to win.
We'll walk thro' the vale and the shadow,
Thro' sufferings, and trials and care,
And when you get safely to glory
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there

CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOUR? 8s & 7s.



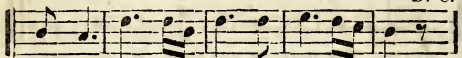
1. { Now the Sa-viour stands and pleading At the
 { Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ced-ing, Under-
 D. C. Once he died for your be - haviour, Now He

CHORUS.



sin-ner's bolt-ed heart; }
 ta-king sinner's part. } Sin - ner, can you hate the
 calls you to his arms.

D. C.



Saviour? Can you thrust him from your arms?

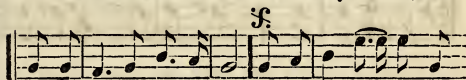
- 2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing!
 Stands and knocks at every door;
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffered to the wretched poor.
- 3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare you heavenly rest;
 Listen while he kindly calls you,
 Hear, and be forever blest.
- 4 Now he has not come to judgment
 To condemn your wretched race,
 But to ransom ruined sinners,
 And display unbounded grace.
- 6 Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain?
 Or to realms of glorious brightness
 Rise, and with him ever reign?

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

Pilgrim Harp, by permission.



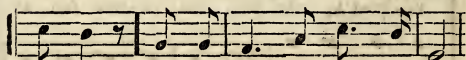
1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing;
2. Millions now are safe - ly land - ed
3. You have kin - dred o - ver yon - der,



Homeward bound we swiftly glide: We are out on the
 O - ver on the golden shore; Millions more are on their [o - cean
 On that bright and happy shore; By and by we'll swell the

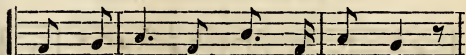
RALL.

FINE.



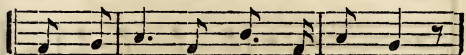
sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.
 jour - ney, Yet there's room for mil - lions more.
 num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.

CHORUS.



All the storms will soon be o - ver,

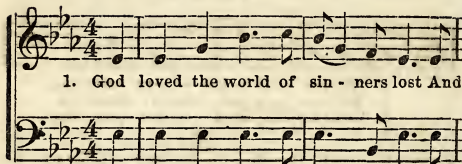
D. S.



Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor.

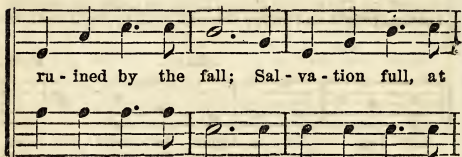
WONDROUS LOVE.

WM. G. FISCHER, by permission.



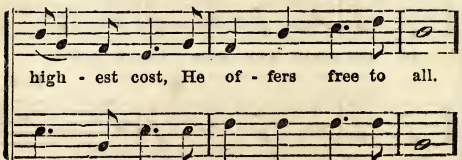
1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Wondrous Love'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note C5. The bass line starts with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note B-flat2, and a quarter note C3.



ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at

The second system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a half note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The bottom staff continues the bass line, starting with a half note D2, followed by a quarter note E2, a quarter note F2, and a quarter note G2.



high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.

The third system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melody, starting with a half note A5, followed by a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a quarter note D6. The bottom staff continues the bass line, starting with a half note A2, followed by a quarter note B2, a quarter note C3, and a quarter note D3.

WONDROUS LOVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me;
[It
bro't my Saviour from above, To die on Cal-va-ry.

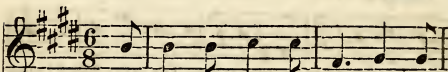
The image shows musical notation for a chorus. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system contains the lyrics 'O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God to me;' followed by '[It' on the second staff. The second system contains the lyrics 'bro't my Saviour from above, To die on Cal-va-ry.' The music is written in a simple, early 20th-century style with various note values and rests.

2 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Thro' faith in Christ alone.

3 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing;
And triumph in the dying hour,
Thro' Christ the Lord, our King.

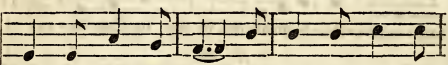
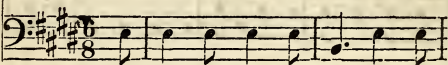
CONSECRATION HYMN.

Hallowed Songs, by permission. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

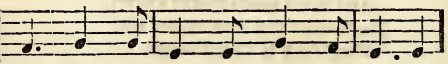
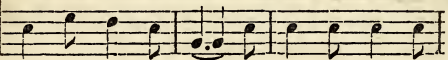


1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je-

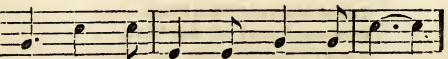
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sa - viour, I



sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted
trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-



off - 'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.



CONSECRATION HYMN. Concluded

CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm
wait - ing for the fire; Wait - ing, wait - ing,
wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

3 Oh, let the fire descending,
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble off'ring,
And cleanse and make me whole.

4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

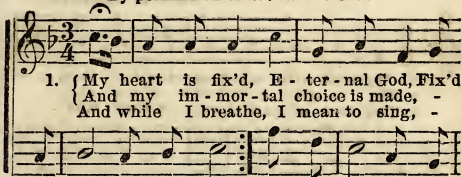
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where

ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 oil of gladness on our heads; A place than all be-
 friend holds fellowship with friend: Tho' sunder'd far, by

sure retreat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
 faith they meet A-round one common mer - cy-seat.

CHRIST FOR ME.

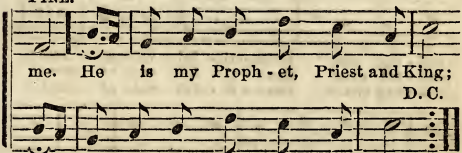
By permission of W. H. DOANE.



on thee, Fix'd on thee!

Christ for me, Christ for
Christ for me, Christ for

FINE.



Who did for me sal - va - tion bring;

2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,

Christ for me, Christ for me;

His riches never can be told,

Christ for me, Christ for me!

Your gold will waste and wear away,

Your honor perish in a day —

My portion never can decay;

Christ for me, Christ for me!

3 In pining sickness or in health,

Christ for me, Christ for me;

In deepest poverty or wealth,

Christ for me, Christ for me!

And in that all-important day,

When I the summons must obey,

And pass from this dark world away,

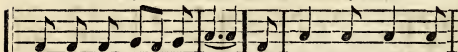
Christ for me, Christ for me!

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Music by A. HULL.



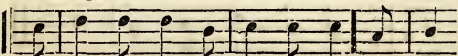
1. My soul with rap-ture waits for thee,
2. Thy ra-diant fields and glow-ing skies,
3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade!



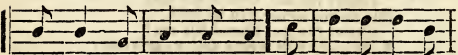
Beau-ti-ful vale of rest! My home be-yond the
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest! Too pure and bright for
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; Like morn-ing dew or



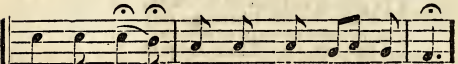
roll-ing sea, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;
 mor-tal eyes, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest;
 eve-ning shade, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest:



I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beau-
 Be-side the liv-ing stream that flows, The wea-
 Yet when we reach thy gold-en strand, Our gen-



ties of thy tranquil shore, Where pain and sorrow
 ry heart shall find repose,—Thy pearly gates shall
 the Sa-viour's promis'd land, We'll sing with all the



come no more, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 nev-er close, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.
 an-gel band, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest.

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE. Concluded

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful vale - - - - - of rest, Beau-ti-ful

Beauti - ful vale of rest,

ful vale - - - - - of rest; My soul with rapture

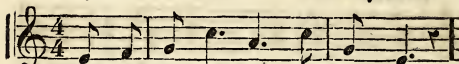
Beau-ti - ful vale of rest.

longs for thee, O beau-ti - ful vale of rest.

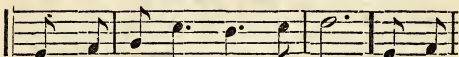
WAITING BY THE RIVER. 8s & 7s.

Words by MARY P. GRIFFIN.

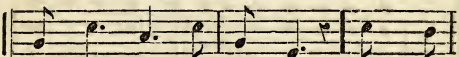
Music by A. HULL.



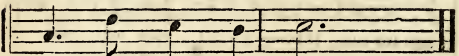
Cho. (1) We are wait - ing by the riv - er,
 2. Tho' the mist hang o'er the riv - er,
 3. And the bright, ce - les - tial cit - y,
 4. He has call'd for many a lov'd one;
 5. Pain nor sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter;



We are watching on the shore,—On - ly
 And its bil - lows loud - ly roar, Yet we
 We have caught such ra - diant gleams Of its
 We have seen them leave our side; With our
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in

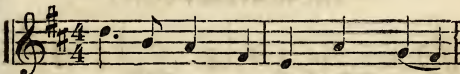


wait - ing for the boat - man; Soon he'll
 hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed
 tow'rs, like daz - zling sun - light, With its
 Sa - viour we shall meet them, When we
 that ce - les - tial cen - tre I a

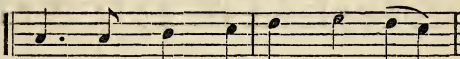


come to bear us o'er.
 from the oth - er shore.
 sweet and peace - ful streams.
 too have cross'd the tide.
 crown of life shall wear.

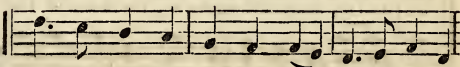
SUDBURY. 7s.



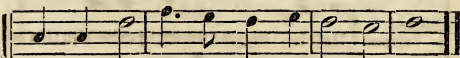
1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn,
3. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way;



Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,
 When the Prince of peace was born;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day.



When Je - ho - vah's work be-gun, When he spake, and
 Songs of praise a - rose when he Captive led cap-
 God will make new heav'ns and earth; Songs of praise
 [shall



it was done, When he spake, and it was done.
 tiv - i - ty, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 hail their birth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

1. { My God, I am thine: what a com - fort di -
In the heav - en - ly Lamb thrice hap - py I

vine, What a blessing to know that my Je - sus is
am; And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

mine!
name. } Hal - le - lu - jah! we will praise him; Halle -
we will praise him.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST. Concluded.

lu - jah a - gain! Hal - le - lu - jah! we will
a - gain!

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

praise him for ev - er, A - men.

The second system of the musical score also consists of two staves in the same key signature and clefs as the first. The melody continues on the upper staff, and the accompaniment continues on the lower staff. The lyrics 'praise him for ev - er, A - men.' are written below the staves.

2.

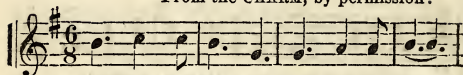
True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,—
This is life everlasting; 'tis heaven below.—CHO.

3.

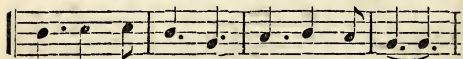
Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.—CHO

ALMOST PERSUADED.

From the CHARM, by permission.



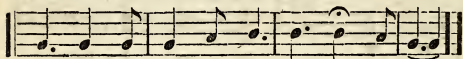
1. "Almost persuad - ed" now to be - lieve;



"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive.



Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go thy way,



Some more con - ve - nient day On thee I'll call."

2

"Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;

"Almost persuaded," turn not away.

Jesus invites you here,

Angels are ling'ring near,

Prayers rise from hearts so dear;

O wand'rer, come!

3

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!

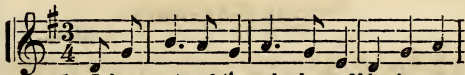
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!

"Almost," cannot avail;

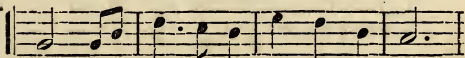
"Almost," is but to fail,

Sad, sad that bitter wail—

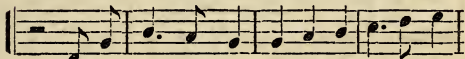
"Almost, but lost!"



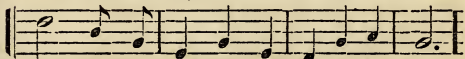
1. I have entered the val - ley of blessing so
2. There is peace in the val - ley of blessing so
3. There's a song in the val - ley of blessing so



sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;
 sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im - part;
 sweet, That an - gels would fain join the strain,

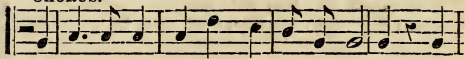


And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing com -
 And there's rest for the weary-worn trav - el - ler's
 As with rap - tur - ous prais - es, we bow at his

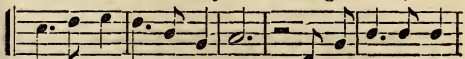


plete, And his per - fect love casteth out fear.
 feet, And joy for the sorrow - ing heart.
 feet, Cry - ing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

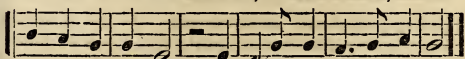
CHORUS.



Oh, come to the valley of blessing so sweet, Where



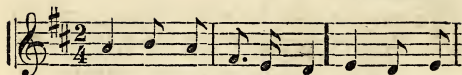
Je - sus will fullness bestow; And believe, and re -



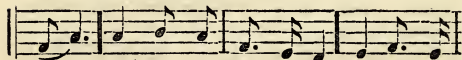
ceive and confess him, That all his salvation may know.

CONSECRATION.

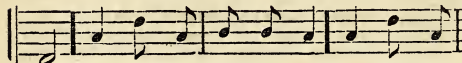
A. HULL.



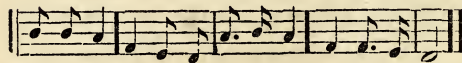
1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is



mine ! Break, ev' - ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is
 mine ! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is



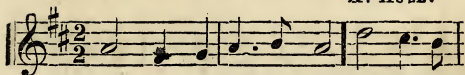
mine ! Dark is this wil - der - ness ; Earth has no
 mine ! Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for



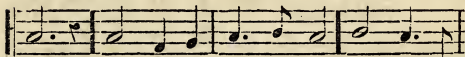
resting-place, Jesus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine !
 one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine !

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

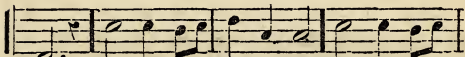
A. HULL.



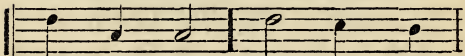
1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my
 2. What tho' the tem-pest rage? Heav'n is my



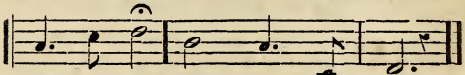
home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my
 home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my



home; Danger and sorrow stand Round me on
 home; Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be



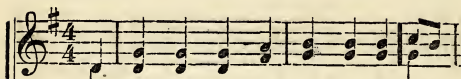
ev'-ry hand; Heav'n is my
 o-ver past; I shall reach



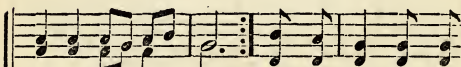
fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
 home at last; Heav'n is my home.

- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified;
 Heav'n is my home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best;
 There too I soon shall rest.
 Heav'n is my home.

LET EVERY MORTAL EAR ATTEND. C. M.



1. { Let ev'-ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And
 { The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds With



ev'-ry heart re-joice; } { For you must be a
 an in-vit-ing voice; } { For you must be a



lov-er of the Lord, - - For you
 lov-er of the Lord, - - - Or you

LET EVERY MORTAL EAR. Concluded.



2.

Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—CHO.

3.

Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.—CHO.

4.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst.
With springs that never dry.—CHO.

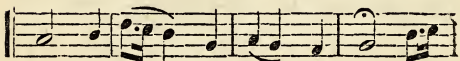
5.

The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.—CHO.

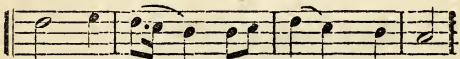
ST. MARTINS. C. M.



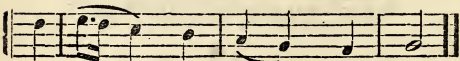
1. Come, let us join our cheer - fa.
 2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they



songs With an - gels round the throne; Tex
 cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!" "Woe



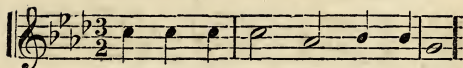
thousand thou - sand are their tongues,
 thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply,



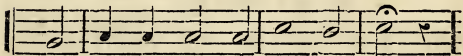
But all their joys are one.
 "For He was slain for us."

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

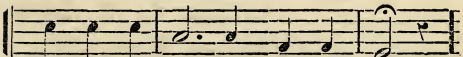
CH. ZEUNER.



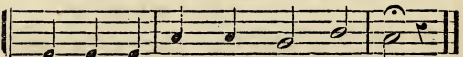
1. Ye Christian her - alds, go proclaim



Sal - va - tion in Im - man - uel's name;



To distant climes the tid - ings bear,



And plant the rose of Sha - ron there.

2.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace

3.

And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more;
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

ALL TO HIM I OWE.

From Sabbath Carols, by permission.

1. A - rise my soul, a - rise, Shake

The first system of the song is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. A - rise my soul, a - rise, Shake' are written below the treble staff.

off thy guilt - y fears, The bleeding sac - ri-

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'off thy guilt - y fears, The bleeding sac - ri-' are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

fice In my be - half appears. Je - sus paid it

The chorus is marked 'CHORUS.' and continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'fice In my be - half appears. Je - sus paid it' are written below the treble staff.

ALL TO HIM I OWE. Concluded.

The musical score is written for two voices, Treble and Bass, in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

all, All to him I owe, Sin had left
a crim - son stain, He wash'd it white as snow.

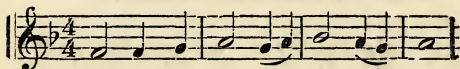
1 I hear the Saviour say:
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thy all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy blood, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.—CHO.

3 Then down beneath his cross,
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
For naught have I to bring—
Thy grace must make me whole.—CHO.

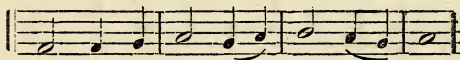
BEHOLD THE SAVIOUR. L. M.



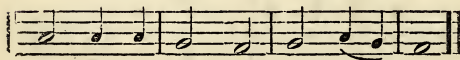
1. Behold the Sa - vour at the door



He gent - ly knocks, has knock'd be - fore



Has wait - ed long; is wait - ing still.



You use no oth - er friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With willing heart and open hands;
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.

Y. M. C. A. HYMN BOOK.

PRAYER.

D.

L. M.

From the Golden Chain, by permission

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known :
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share ;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Rev. F. Bottome, by permission.

- 1 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
 I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
 And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHORUS.

Oh sing of his mighty love, sing of his mighty love,
 Sing of his mighty love, mighty to save!

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' dear breast.
 Oh sing, etc.
- 3 O, Jesus, the crucified! thee will I sing,
 My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King!
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the
 grave,
 And triumph at death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!
 Oh, sing, etc.
-

PRAISE.

G.

OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
 Without our aid he did us make;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.

- 3 Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
-

F DUNDEE. p. 17. C. M.

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid :
- 2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast ;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.
- 3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God ;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.
- 4 God in the midst of her doth dwell ;
Nothing shall her remove :
The Lord to her a helper will,
And that right early, prove.
- 5 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is still upon our side :
The God of Jacob our refuge
For ever will abide.

t.

DUNDEE. p. 17.

C. M.

- 1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations all.
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small;
 - 2 Ere ever thou hadst formed the earth
And all the world abroad;
Even thou from everlasting art
To everlasting, God.
 - 3 Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou sayest, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.
 - 4 Oh, with thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days
And still be glad in thee.
-

HOLY SPIRIT.

G.

SHIRLAND.

S. M.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 T is thine to cleanse the heart,
 'To sanctify the soul,
 'To pour fresh life in every part,
 And new-create the whole.

SAVIOUR.

6

DEDHAM.

C. M.

- 1 O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
 And all that in me is !
 Be stirred up his holy name
 To magnify and bless.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
 And not forgetful be
 Of all his gracious benefits
 He hath bestowed on thee.
- 3 As far as east is distant from
 The west, so far hath he
 From us removed, in his love,
 All our iniquity.
- 4 Such pity as a father hath
 Unto his children dear :
 Like pity shows the Lord to such
 As worship him in fear.
- 5 The Lord prepared hath his throne
 In heavens firm to stand ;
 And every thing that being hath
 His kingdom doth command.
- 6 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
 Wherewith the world is stored,
 In his dominions everywhere ;
 My soul, bless thou the Lord.

Bb.

LISBON.

S. M

1 Once more, before we part,
 Oh bless the Saviour's name;
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.

2 Still on thy holy word
 We'll live and feed and grow;
 And still go on to know the Lord,
 And practise what we know.

G.

From the Golden Chain, by permission.

1 Hear the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation;
 Publishing to every creature,
 To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
 Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious
 Over heaven and earth most glorious,
 Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 "Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offered by the Saviour."

CHO.—Jesus reigns, etc.

3 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
 To the bounds of the creation;
 Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
 The almighty Prince of Zion.

CHO.—Jesus reigns, etc.

4 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
 Christ hath purchased our redemption;
 Angels shout the pleasing story,
 Through the brighter worlds of glory.

CHO.—Jesus reigns, etc.

D.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From the Golden Chain, by permission.

- 1 Oh come to the good Shepherd,
And rest within his fold;
He'll guard you from temptation,
He'll keep you, young and old.
His love is all-sufficient,
His grace will bear you through,
He'll aid you in your duties,
And teach you what to do.

CHORUS.

Then come, Oh come, yes, come, come, come,
You're not too young, you're not too old,
To rest in the good Shepherd's fold,
To rest, to rest in the good Shepherd's fold.

- 2 Oh, who would wish to wander
From such a fold as this?
Without is gloomy terror,
Within is perfect bliss.
Though rough the path, and thorny.
You will be safe from harm,
From all your foes defended,
By the good Shepherd's arm.
CHO.—Then come, etc.

- 3 The world is full of trials,
And sorrow comes to all;
But happy those who listen
To the good Shepherd's call.
For every grief that darkens,
And all the tears that dim,
Are sent to us in mercy,
To draw us nearer him.
CHO.—Then come, etc.

G.

PETERBORO. C. M.

- 1 I've found the precious Christ of God,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
A precious Christ have I.
 - 2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings.
 - 3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.
 - 4 Christ is my Saviour and my Friend,
My brother and my love,
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate above.
 - 5 Christ Jesus is the heaven of heaven,
My Christ what shall I call?
Christ is the First, Christ is the Last,
And Christ is all in all.
 - 6 All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One equal glory be.
-

ILLINOIS. 8s & 7s.

From "Jubilee Harp."

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
And what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have you trials and temptations,
Is there trouble anywhere?
You must never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can you find a friend so faithful,
Who will all your sorrows share?
Jesus knows your every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are you weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise and leave thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
On his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.
-

G. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 'T is done—the great transaction done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

G.

DEDHAM. C. M.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!
 - 2 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
 - 3 They marked the footsteps that he trod—
His zeal inspired their breast—
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.
 - 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.
-

G.

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky :
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

1. CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Jesus ;
Oh, how I love Jesus ;
Oh, how I love Jesus ;
Because he first loved me.

2. CHORUS.

How can I forget thee?
How can I forget thee, Lord ?
How can I forget thee ?
Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
 The name to sinners given :
 It scatters all their guilty fear ;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name ;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb !
-

A. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,
 I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God ;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know ;
 But how much I love thee, I never can show.

G. SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

- 1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name, before his wondrous birth,
 To Christ, the Saviour, given.

CHORUS.

- We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him "blessed Jesus!"
 For there's no word ear ever heard,
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 Forevermore must love him.

O HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

1 O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
That sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the Saviour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart did believe,
What true joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.

A. ORTONVILLE. p. 27. C. M.

- 1 The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
- 3 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

G.

EVEN ME.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.
 - 2 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me. Even me, etc.
-

BIBLE.

A.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

11s.

- 1 The Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
- 2 The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.
- 3 The Bible, the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
- 4 The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

- 1 This book is all that's left me now :
Tears will unbidden start ;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree :
My mother's hand this Bible clasped ;
She, dying, gave it me.
- 2 Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill :
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
- 3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear :
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face, I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.
- 4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried :
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy ;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

F. GREENVILLE. p. 40. 8s. 7s.

Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

INVITATION.

Bp.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day.

CHORUS.

Oh say, will you be there? Oh say, will you be there?

Oh say, Oh say, Oh say, will you be there?

- 2 Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright, eternal shore
Earth's bitter curse is known no more.

CHO.—Oh say, will you be there? etc.

- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.

CHO.—Oh say, will you be there? etc

4 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way: I'll lead you home."

CHO.—With me you shall be there, etc.

C.

Say, brothers, will you meet us;
Say, brothers, will you meet us;
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

By the grace of God we'll meet you;
By the grace of God we'll meet you;
By the grace of God we'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
Jesus lives and reigns for ever;
Jesus lives and reigns for ever
On Canaan's happy shore.

Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
For ever, evermore.

A.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 The gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,
 The gospel ship is sailing,
 Bound for Canaan's happy shore :
 All who would ship for glory, glory, glory,
 All who would ship for glory,
 Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

Glory, hallelujah ! all on board are sweetly singing,
 Glory, hallelujah ! hallelujah to the Lamb !

- 2 She has landed many thousands, thousands, thou-
 sands,
 She has landed many thousands
 On fair Canaan's happy shore ;
 And thousands now are sailing, sailing, sailing,
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 CHO.—Glory, hallelujah, etc.

- 3 Sails filled with heavenly breezes, breezes,
 breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along ;
 Her company are singing, singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 And " Glory " is their song.
 CHO.—Glory, hallelujah, etc.

- 4 Take passage now for glory, glory, glory,
 Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea ;
 With us you shall be happy, happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity.
 CHO.—Glory, hallelujah, etc

G.

EVEN THEE.

- 1 Yes, dear soul, a voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free :
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven ;
Boundless mercy flows for thee.
Even thee, even thee,
Boundless mercy flows for thee.
- 2 See the healing fountains springing
From the Saviour on the tree ;
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,
Lost one, loved one, 't is for thee, even thee.
- 3 Hear his love and mercy speaking,
“ Come and lay thy soul on me ;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking,
I have rest and peace for thee,” even thee.
- 4 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be ;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee, even thee.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

- 1 Go and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole ;
Look up to Him, He only can forgive,
Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

- Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive,
Go and tell Jesus, O turn to him and live.
Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus he only can forgive.
- 2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise,
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes.
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.

REPENTANCE.

G. I'M A PILGRIM.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
CHO.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.

RELIGION.

A. Tune in GOLDEN CENSER.

- 1 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

CHORUS.

Nevermore, nevermore,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore, nevermore,
Nevermore to sin again.

- 2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

F

HAMBURG. L. M.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am — thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

From MUSICAL LEAVES.

- 1 Jerusalem, forever bright,
Beautiful land of rest!
No winter there, no chill of night,
Beautiful land of rest!
The dripping cloud is chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest.

CHORUS.

Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 Beautiful land, beautiful land,
 Beautiful land of rest.

- 2 Jerusalem, forever dear,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 Thy pearly gates almost appear,
 Beautiful land of rest!
 And when we tread the lovely shore,
 We'll sing the song we've sung before,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest.
-

E. *Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.* C. M.

- 1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
 Ye happy, praying band,
 Though in this world you suffer loss,
 You'll reach fair Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the
 world,

For we've all got the cross to bear;
 It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
 When we have the crown to wear.

- 2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When heaven appears in view;
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through.

CHO.—Let us never, etc.

- 3 Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be
 When we arrive at home;
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, "Well done."

CHO.—Let us never, etc.

F. LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

- 1 'T is religion that can give—
 In the light, in the light;
 Sweetest pleasure while we live—
 In the light of God.
 'Tis religion must supply—
 In the light, in the light;
 Solid comfort when we die—
 In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Let us walk in the light,
 Walk in the light;
 Let us walk in the light,
 In the light of God.

- 2 After death its joys shall be—
 In the light, in the light;
 Lasting as eternity—
 In the light of God.
 Be the living God my friend—
 In the light, in the light:
 Then my bliss shall never end—
 In the light of God.
 CHO.—Let us walk, etc.
-

B D.

WEBB. p. 108. 7s & 6s.

- 1 We all must speak for Jesus,
 Who hath redemption wrought,
 Who gave us peace and pardon,
 Which by his blood he bought.
 We all must speak for Jesus,
 To show how much we owe
 To him who died to save us
 From death and endless woe.

2 We all must speak for Jesus,
The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents,
With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all must speak for Jesus,
His people far and near,
The rich and poor together,
The peasant and the peer.

3 We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbors,
In cottage and in hall;
We all must speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies;
With him against the mighty,
Together we must rise.

87

MAITLAND. p. 70. C. M.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

CONFLICT AND JOY.

B♭.

From SINGING PILGRIM.

- 1 Singing for Jesus, singing for Jesus,
Trying to serve him wherever I go;
Pointing the lost to the way of salvation—
This be my mission, a pilgrim below.
When in the strains of my country I mingle,
When to exalt her my voice I would raise;
'T is for his glory whose arm is her refuge,
Him would I honor, his name would I praise.
- 2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love,
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 't will often restore;
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed
How we revere them when they are no more.
- 3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

A b.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 There's a light in the window for thee, brother,
 There's a light in the window for thee;
 A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS.

A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee;
 A mansion in heaven we see,
 And a light in the window for thee.

- 2 There's a crown and a robe and a palm, brother,
 When from toil and from care you are free;
 The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
 With a light in the window for thee.

CHO.—A mansion in heaven, etc.

- 3 Oh, watch, and be faithful and pray, brother,
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
 Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat se-
 vere,

There's a light in the window for thee.

CHO.—A mansion in heaven, etc.

C.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 We are joyously voyaging over the main,
 Bound for the evergreen shore,
 Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
 And never see death any more.

CHORUS.

Then let the hurricane roar,
 It will the sooner be o'er;
 We will weather the blast,
 And will land at last
 Safe on the evergreen shore.

- 2 We have nothing to fear from the wind and the
wave,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are
brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.
Cho.—Then let the hurricane, etc.
- 3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander
controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.
Cho.—Then let the hurricane, etc.
- 4 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the
shoal,
Sink to be seen never more,
He will bear none the less every passenger o'er,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.
Cho.—Then let the hurricane, etc.
-

G. JOYFULLY ONWARD.

102.

- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says "Come;"
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
 Waiting, they watch us approaching that shore;
 Singing, to cheer us through death's chilling
 gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on our ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices we hear;
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low;
 Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
 Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,—
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
-

G.

DEDHAM.

C. M.

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

GREENVILLE. p. 40. 8s & 7s.

Gently, Lord, Oh gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh refresh us—Oh refresh us with thy grace.

4 Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful to perform his gracious word.

87. ORTONVILLE. p. 27. C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

C. HEBER. p. 90. C. M.

- 1 All that I *was*—my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
 - 2 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is Thine.
 - 3 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.
 - 4 All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it Lord, to Thee.
-

C DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

- 1 "Depth of mercy!" can there be
Mercy still reserved for *me*?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me the chief of sinners spare?

CHORUS.

- God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Now thine ear in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.
-

Bb. **ORTONVILLE.** p. 27. C. M.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound,
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day,
 To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound,
 Conspire to raise the sound.
-

WHO ARE THESE BESIDE THE CHILLY WAVE.

- 1 Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,
Just on the borders of the silent grave,
Shouting Jesus' power to save,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHORUS.

- "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the new Jerusalem,
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
- 2 These, these are they, who in their youthful days,
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways

Proved the fullness of His grace,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."—CHO.

3 These, these are they, who in affliction's woes,
 Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,
 Such as from a pure heart flows,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."—CHO.

4 These, these are they, who in the conflict dire
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire:
 Jesus now says "Come up higher,"
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."—CHO.

5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain and death and sorrow all are o'er:
 Happy now and evermore,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

CHO. { Sweeping thro' the realms of the New Jerusalem,
 { "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

F. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

1 || :One more day's work for Jesus, :||
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 One less of life for me;
 But heaven is nearer,
 And Christ is dearer
 Than yesterday to me,
 || :And love and light, :|| And love and light,
 Fill all my soul to-night.

2 || :One more day's work for Jesus, :||
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 How glorious is my King!
 'T is joy, not duty,
 To speak his beauty;
 My soul mounts on the wing
 || :At the mere thought, :|| At the mere tho'
 How Christ its love hath bought.

- 2 ¶ :One more day's work for Jesus, :||
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 Sweet, sweet the work has been
 To tell the story,
 To show the glory,
 Where Christ's flock enter in :
 ¶ :How it did shine, :|| How it did shine,
 In this poor heart of mine.
- 4 ¶ :One more day's work for Jesus, :||
 One more day's work for Jesus,
 It's been a weary day ;
 But heaven shines dearer
 And rest comes nearer
 At each step of the way ;
 ¶ :And Christ in all, :|| And Christ in all,
 Before his face I fall.
-

Bb.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

- 1 Oh, where shall rest be found—
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face
Forevermore undone.
-

D. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, wheresoe'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying:
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 2 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.
-

LIFE AND DEATH.

G. SHINING SHORE.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

- 2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
 "Let every lamp be burning;"
 We look afar across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning.

CHO.—For now we stand, etc.

- 3 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever,
 There bright and joyous in the skies
 There is our home forever.

CHO.—For now we stand, etc.

A. HOMEWARD BOUND.

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride—
 We're homeward bound;
 Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide—
 We're homeward bound;
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed—
 We're homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
 We're homeward bound;
 Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
 We're homeward bound;
 Steady, Oh pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
 Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
 Oh how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail—
 We're homeward bound.

- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
 We're homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
 We're homeward bound;
 Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
 Join in our number, Oh come and be blest;
 Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
 We're homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide—
 We're home at last;
 Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—
 We're home at last;
 Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;
 We stand secure on the glorified shore;
 Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
 We're home at last.
-

E.

WINDHAM.

L. M.

- 1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain
 Which false apostates never knew.

G.

AMSTERDAM.

7s & 6s.

- 1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.
 - 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.
-

D.

THE BETTER LAND.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand;
We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to his palace;
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.
- 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a little feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.
Christ our leader walks beside us,
He will guard and he will guide us;
He will guard and he will guide us,
Guide us to that better land.

- 3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far-off, better land?
 Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Saviour's loving hand.
 We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 We shall dwell with God for ever,
 In that bright, that better land.
- 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
 To that bright and better land?
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,
 Welcome to our pilgrim band.
 Come, Oh, come, and do not leave us,
 Christ is waiting to receive us;
 Christ is waiting to receive us,
 In that bright, that better land.
-

G. REJOICING IN DEATH.

- 1 Come, sing to me of heaven,
 When I'm about to die;
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy
 To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

- There'll be no sorrow there,
 There'll be no sorrow there;
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops,
 Roll off my marbie brow,
 Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.
- CHO.—There'll be no sorrow, etc.

- 3 Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow, etc.

- 4 When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow, etc
-

EB. UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB. L. M.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, not anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed ;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

G.

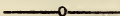
HAPPY DAY.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away;
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day,

Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say "Behold the way to God"
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away, etc.



HEAVEN.

F.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 Shall we sing in heaven for ever—
 Shall we sing?

Shall we sing in heaven for ever,
 In that happy land?

Yes, Oh yes, in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall sing for ever,
 Far beyond the rolling river,
 Meet to sing and love for ever
 In that happy land.

- 2 Shall we know each other ever
In that land ?

Shall we know each other ever
In that happy land ?

Yes, Oh yes, in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond, etc.

- 3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land ?

Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land ?

Yes, Oh yes, in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever
Far beyond, etc.

- 4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that land ?

Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that happy land ?

Yes, Oh yes, in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever
Far beyond, etc.

B_b. ORTONVILLE. p. 27. C, M

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,

When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold ;

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?

- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend ?

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

- 4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know;
 Blessed seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee:
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.
-

6. L. M.

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor pain nor death can enter there;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

- I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm going home to die no more;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 CHO.—I'm going home, etc.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine the happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 CHO.—I'm going home, etc.

G.

OLD HUNDRED.

L. M

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
 - 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
-

G.

LOOKING HOME. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Ah, this heart is void and chill
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly 'tis longing.

CHORUS.

Looking home, looking home,
Towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom.

- 2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing,
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

CHO.—Looking home, etc.

- 3 Oh to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.

CHO.—Looking home, etc.

- 4 Blessed home, Oh, blessed home,
All for which we're sighing;
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.
CHO.—Looking home, etc.
-

G. CORONATION. p. 4 C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

D.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.

- 1 When the battle is fought and the victory won,
Life's trials are ended, and life's duties done,
Then Jesus our Saviour will welcome us home;
No more in this desert of sin we shall roam.

CHORUS.

Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home,
No more to roam, no more to roam;
Safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home,
No more, no more to roam.

- 2 The most youthful soldier will then have a share
In heavenly mansions prepared for us there;
The song of redemption from mortals shall swell,
As of Jesus to wondering angels they tell.

CHO.—Safe, safe at home, etc.

- 3 Though taken from earth in life's earliest morn,
The crown of our Saviour we'll ever adorn;
More bright than the stars will thy ransomed ones
shine,
For the radiance, dear Saviour's eternally thine.

CHO.—Safe, safe at home, etc.

B₇.*Wm. B. Bradbury, by permission.*

- 1 A beautiful land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free;
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair.
And beautiful angels too are there.

CHORUS.

Will you go? will you go, go to that beautiful land
with me?
Will you go? will you go, go to that beautiful land?

- 2 That land is called the city of Light;
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

CHO.—Will you go? etc.

- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its gates of pearl too I behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

CHO.—Will you go? etc.

- 4 The ransomed throng, arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
In one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

CHO.—Will you go? etc.

E♭.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

- 1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;
O give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

F.

GREENVILLE. p. 40. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh refresh us
 Travelling through this wilderness.
 - 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
 - 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.
-

G.

Asa Hull, by permission.

- 1 Come, brethren, don't grow weary,
 But let us journey on ;
 The moments will not tarry,
 This life will soon be gone ;
 The passing scenes all tell us
 That death will surely come ,
 These bodies soon will moulder
 In the dark and dreary tomb.

CHORUS.—(repeat softly.)

- ¶ : There is sweet rest in heaven,
 There is sweet rest in heaven. : ¶

- 2 Loved ones have gone before us,
 They beckon us away;
 O'er heavenly plains they're soaring
 Blest in eternal day;
 But we are in the army,
 And dare not leave our post;
 We'll fight until we conquer,
 The foe's most mighty host.
- 3 And Jesus will be with us,
 E'en to our journey's end,
 In every sore affliction
 His present help to lend.
 He never will grow weary,
 Though often we request;
 He'll give us grace to conquer,
 And take us home to rest.
-

Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansions there,
 And claim my mansions there.
 O here's my heart and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that happy land,
 Where we shall part no more,
 Where we shall part no more.

3b

WARD. L. M. p. 76.

- 1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy:
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.

C.

NEARER HOME. S. M.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before;
 - 2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea;
 - 3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.
 - 4 Jesus, to thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.
-

Eb SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

- Yes: we'll gather at the river
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
- CHO.—Yes: we'll gather, etc.

- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
 Yes: we'll gather, etc.
-

E♭. Tune in SINGING PILGRIM.

- 1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
 strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and
 dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 Between the fair city and me.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain;
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
 To meet one another again.
-

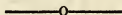
♩ Tune in MUSICAL LEAVES; by permission.

- 1 Hear you ever angels singing,
 As around the throne they shine?
 Yes, I often hear them chanting,
 Chanting hymns of love divine.

CHORUS.

Heaven's plains are just before us,
 Just beyond the shores of time;
 Soon we'll join the mighty chorus,
 In that brighter, better clime.

- 2 Hear you ever in your slumbers
Songs from those who've gone before?
Oh, how often do I hear them
Singing on the other shore.
- 3 Do you ever feel like going
To that land so bright and fair?
Oh, how often would I gladly
Go and join the loved ones there



TEMPERANCE AND PATRIOTIC.

MUSIC IN ANY OF THE OLD TEMPERANCE MELODISTS

- 1 Friends of freedom, swell the song;
Young and old, the strain prolong;
Make the temperance army strong,
And on to victory!
Lift your banners, let them wave—
Onward march, a world to save:
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?
- 2 Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families!
Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not!"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?
- 3 Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast:
Make the wretched drunkard blest
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

- 4 God of mercy, hear us plead;
 For thy help we intercede;
 See how many bosoms bleed,
 And heal them speedily.
 Haste, Oh haste the happy day,
 When beneath its gentle ray
 TEMPERANCE all the world shall sway
 And reign triumphantly.

Bb. THE SPARKLING FOUNTAIN.

- 1 Gushing so bright in the morning light
 Gleams the water in yon fountain;
 As purely too as the early dew,
 That gems the distant mountain.

CHORUS.

- Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
 And leave the cup of sorrow;
 Though it shine to-night in its gleaming light,
 'T will sting thee on the morrow.
- 2 Touch not the wine, though brightly it shines,
 When nature to man has given
 A gift so sweet, his wants to meet—
 A beverage that flows from heaven.
 CHO.—Then drink, etc.
- 3 Not only here of the water clear
 Is God the lavish giver,
 But when we rise to yonder skies
 We'll drink of life's bright river.
 CHO.—Then drink, etc.

F. WATER IS THE DRINK FOR ME.

- 1 The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
 Is not the drink for me,
 It kills his body and his soul:
 How sad a sight is he!
 But there's a drink that God has given,
 Distilling in the showers of heaven,
 In measures large and free;
 Oh that's the drink, that's the drink for me.

2 The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
And so will ever be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear
The thirsty traveller lingers near;
Refreshed and glad is he:
Oh that's the drink, that's the drink for me.

3 The wine cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see;
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days:
Oh that's the cup, that's the cup for me.

LOOK AND LIVE.

1 There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto him and be saved—
Unto him who was nailed to the tree.

CHORUS.

Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *blood* that atones for thy soul;
On him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

CHO.—Look! look! etc.

HAMBURG L. M.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
 - 2 Thine would I live—thine would I die,
Be thine through alleternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
-

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, so that I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I'm awake.
- 5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

F. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers :
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun :
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon ;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies :
While their bright tints are glowing.
Work, for the daylight flies :
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.
- 4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work while the fields are white ;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work while hopes are bright ;
Gather thy sheaves at morning,
Rest not thy hand at noon ;
Labor and strive till evening,
Rest when daylight's gone.

C. Tune, LABAN, p. 110.

S. M.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our heart
 Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
 And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
 And take his wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

D. Tune, REFUGE. p. 24. 7S. Arr. from MASON

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are :
 Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray,
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Trav'ler, ages are its own ;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

G. 1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just *now*,
 Just *now* come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just *now*.

2. He will save you, &c.

3. Don't reject him, &c.

4 He'll forgive you.

5. He is ready.

6. Oh, believe him.

7. Do not tarry.

B♭

Tune, WARD, p. 76.

L. M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

C

Tune, LABAN, p. 110.

S. M.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

Sung by the British soldiers at Aldershot, England. and repeated by Major-General Russell, at the farewell meeting of Y. M. C. A. convention, in Montreal, June 23, 1867.

- 1 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake;
Jesus himself is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake;
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright,
Wake, brethren, wake.
- 2 Call to each wakening band, Watch, &c.
Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, &c.
Be ye as men that wait,
Always at their master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late, Watch, &c.
- 3 Heed we the stewards call, Work, &c.
There's room enough for all, Work, &c.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor doth afford,
Yours is a sure reward, Work, &c.
- 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice, Pray, &c.
Would ye his heart rejoice, Pray, &c.
Sin calls for ceaseless care,
Weakness needs the strong One near,
Long as ye tarry here, Pray, &c.
- 5 Sound now the final chord, Praise, &c.
Thrice holy is the Lord, Praise, &c.
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to lead the angels' songs?
While heaven the note prolongs, Praise, &c.

F

DEATH A BLESSING. 11s.

- 1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul

E Tune, GREENVILLE, p. 40. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay;
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

G ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

- 1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O would the Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there

G Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs.
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

F Tune, DUNDEE, p. 17. C. M.

- 1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations all,
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small.
- 2 Ere ever thou hadst formed the earth
And all the world abroad;
Even thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.
- 3 Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou sayest, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.
- 4 Oh, with thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days
And still be glad in thee.

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST. S. M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,—
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

F NATIONAL AIR. p. 55. 6s & 4s.

- 1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen;
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.
- 2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
O save us all.
- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Tune, WEBB, p. 108. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you —
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

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** Indicates hymns without music.*

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